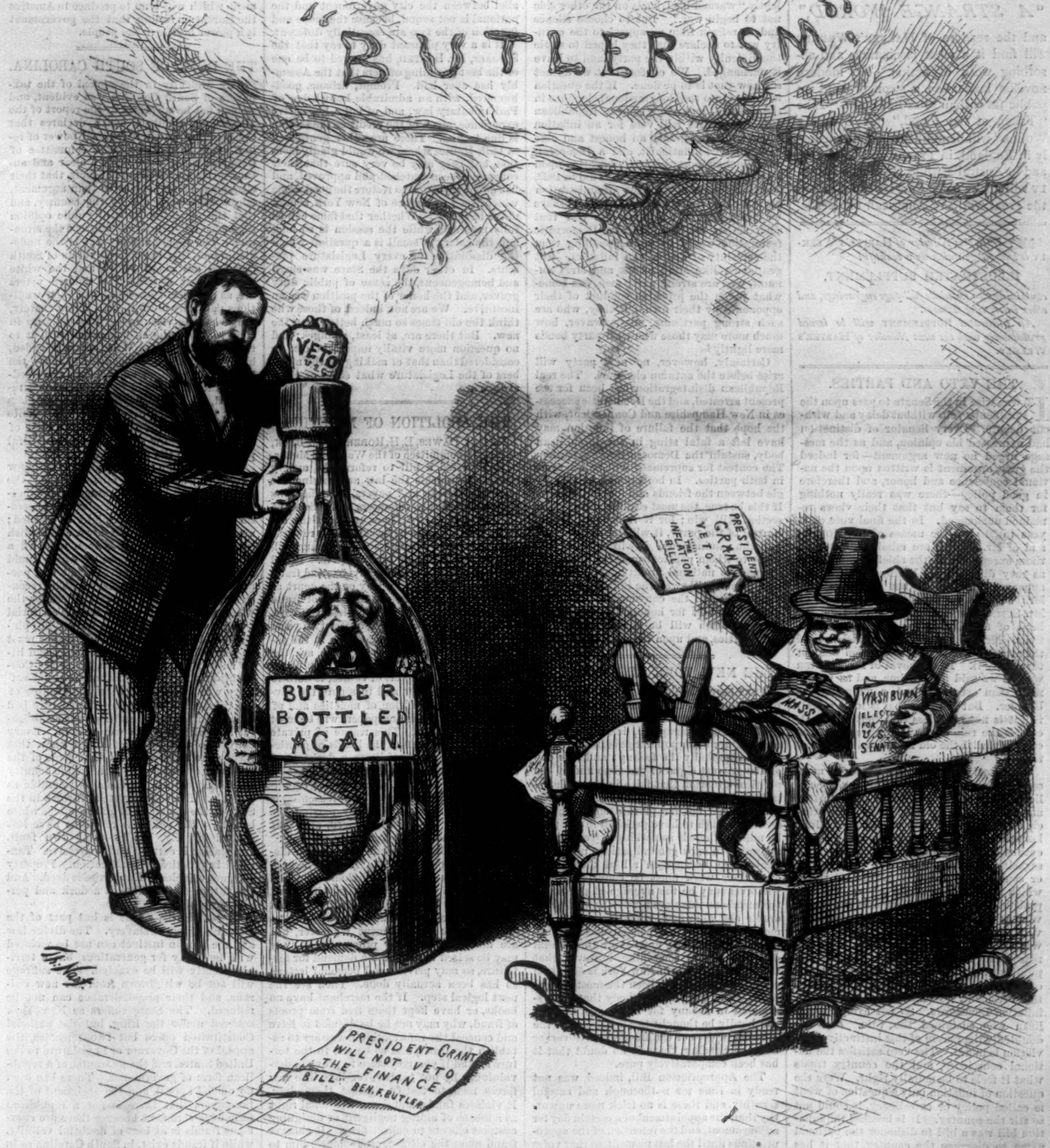
Grnt Por

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XVIII.—No. 907.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1874. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1874, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


"BUTLERISM."
VETO
BUTLER BOTTLED AGAIN
PRESIDENT GRANT VETO THE INFLATION BILL
MASS
WASHBURN ELECTED FOR THE U.S. SENATE
PRESIDENT GRANT WILL NOT VETO THE FINANCE BILL BEN. F. BUTLER
Th. Nast.

THE CRADLE OF LIBERTY OUT OF DANGER.

The Blue Blood of Massachusetts flows freely once more.

Harper's Magazine, Weekly, and Bazar.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, or Harper's Bazar will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, Postage prepaid, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 16, 1874.

MISS BRADDON'S NEW STORY.

In the next number of Harper's Weekly will be commenced a new serial story by Miss Braddon, author of "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "Aurora Floyd," "Lost for Love," and other popular novels. The new story will be called

"*A STRANGE WORLD*,"

and the readers of Harper's Weekly will find it a most fascinating and absorbing work of fiction. No modern novelist has taken a stronger hold on public favor than Miss Braddon. Like "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World" will be published simultaneously in England, in France and Germany, and in Australia, while Harper's Weekly will at the same time spread it before the great world of American readers.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out gratuitously a beautiful*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing two exquisite full-page engravings, and other interesting features.

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE VETO AND PARTIES.

It was wise in the Senate to pass upon the President's veto without delay and without debate. Every Senator of distinction had expressed his opinion, and as the message urged no new argument—for indeed the great argument is written upon the national conscience and honor, and therefore in good policy—there was really nothing for them to say but that their views remained unchanged. In the final vote of 34 yeas to 30 nays the names of Mr. Morton and of Mr. Schurz are missing; but with those exceptions all the chief names appear as they did before. Nothing, indeed, was apparently unpleasant but the allusion of Mr. Thurman to the suppressed speech of Mr. Sumner, and to his removal from the head of the Committee of Foreign Relations. Mr. Edmunds, indeed, rather invited the attack, but his general position was not turned by it. The removal of Mr. Sumner was, as we said at the time, and as we are more than ever confident, a wrong and a blunder. But however that is to be regretted, it is none the less true that independence is the rule of the Republican party as compared with the old Democratic organization.

As a party measure the veto was most serviceable. The real peril of the Republican party is the alienation of its better members. It is not fidelity to high principle, to national honor and individual honesty and political morality, not dependence upon the intelligence and probity and sagacity of the country, but indifference, or contempt, or hostility toward all these, which truly endangers the party. There is probably not a shrewd Democrat any where who, as a mere partisan, did not regret the veto, and feel that the Republican party was stronger and surer for it, and for the reason that if the question divided the Republicans, it would no less rend the Democrats, and the anti-inflation Republicans, with the President, be reinforced by the anti-inflation Democrats. So felt every Republican who sustained the veto. And undoubtedly the reason of this instinctive conviction is moral. The veto satisfies the national conscience, and the country trusts what it feels to be morally right. Were the question of inflation only a question of what is called policy or expediency, it could not so stir the country. It is because the inflation bill was a bill to dishonor the national name, to disgrace the country, that it has been so strenuously opposed. The President who vetoes for such reasons has the pride and the conscience of the country upon his side. This moral support was the strength of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. It was the strength of Sumner's policy through the war. It was the strength of the Republican party from the beginning. Thirty-seven years ago Daniel Webster said in New York, speaking of this conscience in political affairs, "He is a rash man indeed, and little conversant with human nature, and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, who supposes that a feeling of this kind is to be trifled with or despised."

The President, acting, as Governor Dix well says, not for a section, but for the whole country, has vetoed the bill. Elected by the whole party, his act stands for the party action as against the local interests and influences which are seen to have influenced Senators. Will the party confirm the veto? Will the Western and Southern Senators make inflation an issue? Will the agitation destroy the old parties and result in a new one? These are the questions of the hour. It is plain that Messrs. Morton, Logan, Cameron, and Ferry did not wish to make a breach. Mr. Logan, indeed, rather truculently "warned his friends on the other side not to begin war." But to choose silence and to refrain from an appeal to the country was to declare that they hoped to settle the difficulty within the party, and to leave it unchanged. We confess that we do not see how that is to be done. If the question is carried into the Congressional elections in the autumn, how many sincere Republican anti-inflationists will vote for an inflation Republican as against an honest and able man, an anti-inflationist, and a Democrat, who must support the Administration upon a cardinal point, as Mr. Stebbins did in 1862, and therefore rank with the Administration party? Has it not come to that? Perhaps we are mistaken. Perhaps the fear that such action might produce a Democratic restoration would be more appalling than the certainty of Republican inflation. But gentlemen like Mr. Morton and Mr. Cameron, who are strong party men, can somewhat judge the probable conduct of their opponents by their own. If they, who are such strong partisans, might waver, how much more may those who wear party bonds more lightly?

Certainly, however, no new party will arise before the autumn elections. The real Republican disintegration has been for the present arrested, and the Democratic successes in New Hampshire and Connecticut, with the hope that the failure of inflation may have left a fatal sting in the Republican body, sustain the Democratic organization. The contest for supremacy will be the same in both parties. In both it will be a struggle between the friends and foes of inflation. If this be true, the most earnest and resolute section will win; for if it can not obtain control of the party, it will hesitate to support the nominations. It will be found that those to whom political morality and sensitiveness to national probity are matters of indifference will swell the inflation ranks in the caucus and the convention. Thus the general conflict for honest and economical administration will be sharply defined in both parties, and upon the issue of inflation.

THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

That there should be a general feeling of relief when the Legislature adjourns, and that its praise should be in the degree of its freedom from corruption, is rather a sad commentary upon popular government. Yet it is undoubtedly the feeling; and it is one of the gravest signs of the time and of the political situation that faith in honest legislation—legislation upon public and patriotic grounds, and not for private ends—should seem well-nigh to have perished in the public mind. There is something extremely disagreeable in such generalizations upon any Legislature, because in all of them, however their work must be condemned, and whatever may be the average character of the members, there are always so many honorable and able men, whose service is the more admirable and conspicuous because they know that they must share the general discredit. It is something, however, that the late Legislature of New York is admitted upon all sides to have been the most reputable and the least corrupt body that has assembled in Albany for many years. If it can hardly be thought to have deserved the glowing praises of the Lieutenant-Governor and the Speaker, there is no doubt that it has been comparatively pure.

The Appropriation Bill, indeed, was not ready in time for a thorough and careful scrutiny, and there is no trick more unworthy than the appointment of a certain day for adjournment, and the retention of the appropriations until the last moment, so that votes must be ignorantly cast to save the bill and maintain the government. This year, fortunately, several glaring jobs were thrown out, and the bill, as passed, was tolerably clean. Three good projects which came before the Legislature were unfortunately lost: the amendment providing for the appointment, instead of election, of certain State officers; the bill to place the State relations to education under one authority; and the commission to consider rapid transit in New York. These were all measures of great public interest, the first two involving real reform, which will be steadily demanded until it is obtained. The Police Bill, giving the Mayor the sole power of appointment, was not of the importance which was ascribed to it. Theoretically, the Mayor being the executive chief of the city, should have the power of naming his subordinates upon his own responsibility. The grounds of opposition to the bill were most extraordinary. Its opponents declared that if the power were given to the Mayor, the party opposed to him would have no security against frauds at the polls, the implication being that the Mayor would "cheat in" his own friends. It is a good argument against the office of Mayor, and against popular government, but not against holding the Mayor responsible, if there is to be one. The parallel between the city government and the national is not sound, because the scope and function of the two are essentially different.

It is a very pleasant duty to say that the Speaker, Mr. Husted, has proved to be one of the best presiding officers that the Assembly has ever had. Prompt, urbane, good-humored, with an admirable knowledge of Parliamentary law, and of large legislative experience, much of the credit of the session is due to him. There are other gentlemen in both Houses whom we would gladly mention, but they may be very sure that their course has been watched and approved, and has done very much to restore the good name which the Legislature of New York should never have lost. Whether that fame can be fully regained while the session is so long and the salary so small is a question which the dissolution of every Legislature presents. In other days the State was small and homogeneous, the sense of public duty graver, and the honor of the position was an incentive. We are not, indeed, of those who think the old times so much better than the new. But there are, at least, changes; and no question more vitally important can be considered than that of making all the members of the Legislature what some of them always are.

THE ABOLITION OF MOIETIES.

Messrs. Dawes, E. H. Roberts, and Beck, of the sub-committee of the Ways and Means, have reported a bill to reform the moiety abuse. It repeals the law authorizing the seizure of books and papers, and the laws giving moieties to informers and officers of the government. All fines and penalties are to be paid into the Treasury. But rewards are allowed to informers and revenue officers for the detection of smugglers. Fraud is not to forfeit the whole invoice, and fraud is to be submitted to a jury or the court as a separate issue. In the absence of fraud the payment of duties is to close the case, and no suit shall be brought after two years if the personal property has been in the jurisdiction of the country. These are the leading points of the bill, which is in twenty sections. Its object, of course, is both to relieve the importer and to secure the revenue; and the abolition of moieties and of the seizure of books and papers will be most heartily approved. This rescue of private books and papers from the hands of gentlemen like Mr. Jayne follows a decision of Judge Blatchford, of the United States Court of this district, affirming the constitutionality of the seizure. His reasoning is that merchandise fraudulently passing the customs may be lawfully seized, and that books must follow the same rule.

But the *Financier* points out a plain distinction, which Judge Blatchford has apparently overlooked. Merchandise when tainted with fraud may be forfeited, and lapse to the government. But books and papers are not merchandise, have no responsibility to government whatever, but are absolutely private property. If they may be seized to establish a demand for forfeiture, so may private and personal letters, as has been actually done. Then see the next logical step. If the merchant have no books, or have kept them free from proofs of fraud, why may not he be deemed to have and conceal the information necessary to establish the fraud, and so be put to the torture? And if you may seize to prove undervaluing, why not to discover it? The law forces men to testify against themselves. It violates fundamental constitutional right as a means of aiding negligent or designing customs officers to collect fines. It charges fraud upon the citizen, and compels him to prove it. And if the books and papers prove the suspicion to be unfounded, when an honest man has been stigmatized, his name discredited, and his most private papers inspected by spies, what reparation does the government offer? The system is an unspeakable outrage, and, as the *Financier* truly says, attacking the foundation principles of justice, it is really unconstitutional.

We see it stated that an existing law provides that if parties in suit decline to produce the required documents, it should be construed as evidence of guilt. But just so far as this law compels a man to testify against himself, it is subject to the same criticism. Let it be distinctly understood that it is the duty of the Treasury to see that the laws are faithfully executed and customs duties duly paid. Rewards for detecting smuggling, to be shared by spies and government officers, should not be tolerated. Put honest and capable men in the offices, give them the proper tenure of their places, pay them well, and hold them responsible for the losses of the government, and the revenue will be collected without spies and cliques and black-mail. In grasping at duties to sustain a free government let us not lose the safeguards of liberty itself, nor foster that spirit of hate and jealousy between the citizens and the government which will tend to produce in America the European feeling that the government is a power hostile to the people.

THE HOPE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The difficulty in the appeal of the tax-payers of South Carolina was evident, and we can not be surprised by the report of the Judiciary Committee, which declares that Congress has no constitutional power of relief. Our hope was that a committee of Congress would have made a clear and authoritative statement of the facts, that their eloquence, more persuasive than argument, might have been felt by the country, and that the purifying force of public opinion might have hopefully ameliorated the situation. The report states what is the undeniable fact, that the colored voters of South Carolina are about 90,000, and the white voters about 40,000. The colored voters are, as a rule, not educated, and their traditions naturally unite them. Unfortunately, the old white voting class was not wise in time to grasp the situation and turn it to their own account. When the war ended, had that class sought at once to make the best of the position, and to show the freedmen that they should be protected and respected, the ascendency of the master class might have passed over to the native white voters of the State. This was the hope of Governor Andrew and of many thoughtful patriots when the war ended.

But the malign administration of Andrew Johnson was a fatal misfortune for the Southern States. It encouraged the expectation that somehow the logical and necessary results of the war might be evaded; and black codes, vagrant laws, and foolish legislation of many kinds soon revealed a disposition the indulgence of which could not be tolerated by a government and people which had freed the slaves. The reconstruction legislation followed. Perhaps the wiser policy would have been Territorial government for some years; but public opinion would not permit it. The States must be restored. The Territorial policy had little support, and in a State, under the Constitution and the circumstances, equal suffrage was felt to be the only guarantee of the freedom to which the colored race had been admitted. The suffrage was established, and all the risks were taken. Every body who thought of it at all knew that there were risks, and now that some of the evil consequences appear, the whole country is interested to make them as tolerable as possible. The colored vote is thrown in the State at the command of unscrupulous white leaders. The old class of voters have lost control entirely, but by their own fault. Legislation is corrupt and oppressive. Taxation is practically confiscation. Property becomes valueless. Enterprise is dead. And the future of the State is a dark and perplexing problem.

Of course this result is but part of the fearful heritage of slavery. The divine law and the human instinct can not be violated with impunity for generations, but a terrible penalty will be exacted. The suffrage will not be withdrawn from the new citizens, and their preponderance can not be reduced. The State suffers as New York suffered under the Ring, but the national Constitution offers but two remedies, the appeal of the Governor or Legislature to the United States, and the guarantee of a republican form of government. There has been no official appeal, and the argument of the tax-payers that there is not a republican form of government because there are enormous frauds is at best of doubtful validity, while if frauds exist, in South Carolina as in New York, they are remediable at law. This is indeed no comfort or resource when the whole civil structure is honey-combed with fraud. Nor, if the representations of the tax-payers be correct, is there any effectual present remedy except the suspension of the State government by the United States—a relief which, however it might be desired, no man would seriously invoke. Besides this, the palliative of the situation is what we have already indicated. It is that the Executive shall show by the character of those who officially represent the United States in South Carolina that the sympathies of the Republican party of the country are with the honest and industrious citizens of the State, and not with the peculators and sharpers and demagogues who assume to have the support of the party. Had the Judiciary Committee made a distinct recommendation of this kind, it would itself have manifested the sympathy which would be so effective.

BAXTER AND BROOKS.

The reply of the President to the appeal from Texas, that the State must compose its own quarrels, has been thus far his reply to Arkansas. The only point in the Executive conduct there which requires explanation is the order to Colonel Rose to keep order in the State. By what authority is that done? When Fernando Wood, as Mayor of New York, made a show of resistance to the enforcement of the Metropolitan Police law, what would have been thought if the President had ordered the commander at Governor's Island to see that the peace was preserved? The President can interfere in a State only in the constitutional manner, and we do not understand that the circumstances in Arkansas have been recognized by him as affording grounds for interference. We do not see how he can order Colonel Rose to take any part whatever until he has decided to sustain either Baxter or Brooks; and he is evidently of opinion that he ought to sustain neither. To keep the peace until the courts decide between them is inadmissible, because he can properly act only by recognizing one of the claimants. Nor would such recognition be conclusive against the courts. It would only legitimate his interference until the courts had decided. The Rhode Island case is not similar, because in that there was no appeal to the courts. Mr. Dorr claimed that the constitution under which he was elected had superseded that under which Mr. King was chosen. It was not a question of officers under a fundamental law recognized by both, but of subverting the government.

The action of the President, with the exception mentioned, will have this good result, that it will teach the people of Arkansas and of the other struggling States that they must depend upon themselves rather than upon the national government. There can not be two governments in the State, and the habit of looking abroad for security, instead of relying upon their own resolution and intelligence and virtue, would merely ruin the character and destroy the political foundation of the people. Yet no sensible man is ignorant in the case of Arkansas, as in that of South Carolina, that the ordeal is by fire. Those States and Louisiana and others are passing through the furnace. But would the better citizens have Congress assume to destroy their political existence? Could centralization be more absolute and fatal? Yet, except that, what course remains other than that which we elsewhere mention, that the Executive and Congress shall by their action leave no doubt that they are the friends of the honest and intelligent citizens of the State?

THE SLANDERS UPON JUDGE DAVIS.

Few men have done the State of New York and the country a more timely and, in its degree, greater service than Judge Noah Davis. He presided at the Tweed trial, and by his intelligence and resolution—a moral heroism which had become strange to the bench upon which he sat—withstood the abuse and the peril, brushed away the cobwebs of sophistry and special pleading, received the verdict, and pronounced the sentence, and in the midst of political corruption showed to the country, ready to despond, that however daring and successful and enormous that corruption might be, it was still amenable to the law. It is true, he was a judge and did his duty; nothing more. So did Abraham Lincoln. So did Charles Sumner. But they are, nevertheless, especially honored. And we in New York, who know what we have escaped, know how worthy of honor Judge Davis is. It was to be expected that the spirit which he, as the final organ of the popular rising against Tweed, baffled and broke would pursue him with relentless hostility. And since the day that the penitentiary closed upon Tweed there have been constant signs of this disposition.

The last effort to stab the character of Judge Davis is the misrepresentation of the Herman case. Mr. Herman was stated to have paid him a thousand dollars to procure the settlement of his trouble with the government. The fact is that Mr. Herman was threatened with a suit; the government instructed Mr. Davis to examine the case; Mr. Davis did so, and reported that as he did not think that Mr. Herman could be convicted of criminal intent, and as he proposed to pay the amount of the duties justly chargeable to him, his offer should be accepted and the case abandoned. The Treasury acted upon this suggestion. Mr. Herman paid Mr. Davis the thousand dollars for the government, and Mr. Davis forwarded it to the Treasury, deducting his fee of twenty dollars. Mr. Herman has written a letter stating these facts. In the midst of the universal publicity of unexplained details of official conduct which marks the time, and the ready suspicion and misconception that necessarily ensue, we should at least remember that character is of some value, and that a man who has served the public conspicuously and without reproach is entitled at least to a hearing before condemnation.

SENATOR SCHURZ.

The comprehensive and glowing discourse of Senator Schurz upon Charles Sumner, delivered upon the invitation of the city of Boston, was a noble tribute nobly paid. It records with the eloquence of affection the verdict which history will ratify; and while it is only just to Mr. Sumner, it gives Mr. Schurz a new claim to the admiration and confidence of the country. Some rumor has crept into the papers of his retiring from the Senate and resuming his old editorial career. But if any man has justified his election to his high office, it is Carl Schurz, and Missouri should as certainly return him as Massachusetts would have returned Charles Sumner. Mr. Schurz is precisely the kind of man that the country needs in public life. He has the unbending integrity, the familiarity with great principles and confidence in them, the ample knowledge, the legislative experience, the self-relying heroism and independence, the electric eloquence, which the times demand. His disappearance from the Senate would be a national loss.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XVI.

The story of the Bank of England is full of instruction to the student of finance. It was founded by one of the most visionary of projectors in the reign of William and Mary, when the English government had first assumed a liberal form. An elective king sat on the throne; a new period of progress was opening upon the nation. Yet within a short time from its foundation the bank was forced to suspend the payment of specie, in the commercial crisis produced by the reform of the coinage and the embarrassments of a Continental war. It soon resumed again, and passed successfully through the disasters of the South Sea speculation. When, in 1745, the Pretender and the Highlanders advanced upon London, the credit of the bank was again shaken, and it was saved from suspension only by paying its customers in shillings and sixpences, and winning an illegal delay. The invaders were driven back; London was saved; the panic passed away. From this time the bank maintained its reputation until England, at the close of the century, had indiscreetly resolved to force back royalty upon unwilling France. The first victories of the French republicans filled the kingdom with disasters. A general ruin fell upon the country banks in 1794–95. In 1796 the large advances which the Bank of England was forced to make to the government filled its directors with alarm. The gold and silver of the country flowed away to the Continent in subsidies to the allied powers. The French were every where victorious, and Pitt was constantly asking for money.

The bank at last gave way. It was told with triumph in impoverished and bankrupt Paris, now living chiefly upon the plunder of its neighbors, that the great financial institution of its insular foes had been thrown into hopeless disorder. The French believed that the paper money of England would fall to a level with their own worthless assignats, and that financial distress might reproduce Marats and Robespierres even in London. The victories of Dumouriez and Napoleon had been followed by no more startling consequence than the apparent destruction of English credit. Yet the bank had striven boldly against its inevitable fate. It had supplied Pitt with money even when trembling for its own solvency; it had hoped at least for a successful battle to save it from financial shame. But in vain had the directors and the minister looked abroad for some gleam of promise. Ruin had fallen upon those vast armies which had been gathered with the gold of England to crush the fierce and divided French. The mercenary troops had fled before the legions animated by starvation and despair. And in the opening of 1797 the triumphant republicans proclaimed their design of crossing the Channel and plundering the workshops and the banks of the modern Carthage. All France teemed with preparations for invading England. All England trembled at the fierce spirit of rapine and destruction that menaced its long line of unfortified coasts.

Suddenly in February news came that the invasion had begun, that the French had landed, and a panic ran through all the centres of English trade. On Saturday, the 25th, the Bank of England was beset by a clamorous throng, eager to exchange their notes for gold. Mechanics and working-men, farmers, women, merchants, and capitalists, pressed to its counters and drained its secret hoards. Bank-notes were looked upon as worthless. In its wild affright London would be satisfied with nothing but the precious metals, that could be most easily hidden until the danger had passed away. All that disastrous day the bank paid out slowly its diminishing stores. Another day must reduce it to utter ruin. But on the Sunday that intervened the government came to its aid. The Council assembled at Whitehall, and directed the bank to stop cash payments. On Monday the merchants met, and agreed to receive its notes without discount. Parliament approved the action of the Council, and for twenty-three years from that fatal moment specie payments were suspended in all England. The business of the nation was conducted upon an unlimited issue of paper money. The disasters and the triumphs of the Napoleonic wars were borne by a community whose currency had no metallic basis. Yet the natural energy and honesty of the Saxon race preserved England from that wide bankruptcy that followed the issue of the French assignats. The Bank of England notes remained for several years equal in value to specie. In 1810 they fell thirteen per cent.; in 1814 they were at seventy-four. The suspension of many country banks in this year, the decrease in the amount of currency, and the success of the British arms, raised them in 1815 to eighty-three per cent. From this time they slowly rose with the progress of manufactures and the increase of the national wealth, until for the last three years of suspension they remained at ninety-seven, and the most eminent of England's statesmen now (1819) urged Parliament to direct the bank to resume its cash payments.

The proposition was opposed by many timid financiers and even many intelligent thinkers. It was urged that the nation had become accustomed to a paper currency, and was content; that to resume the use of gold must produce disaster in all the paths of trade; that it might excite popular disturbance and even revolution; that under the happy influence of an elastic currency England's commerce and manufactures had flourished and grown great; and that any change in its financial policy was as needless as it was inexpedient. To these objections Mr. Peel replied that a debased currency was a national dishonor, and that trade and labor chiefly suffered from its prevalence. At length it was agreed that the restoration of specie payments should be enforced. But even the most eminent financiers differed as to the mode of accomplishing it, and were frightened at the difficulties with which it seemed surrounded. Various plans were suggested to enable the bank to enter upon a gradual resumption. One was that only large sums should become payable in gold. Ricardo proposed that the bank should be allowed to pay in bullion of sixty ounces. A compromise was made: the bank was directed to pay in bullion after May, 1820, and in specie on the 1st of May, 1823. All were agreed that the resumption should not be immediate, and that ample time should be allowed to provide an abundance of gold to meet the expected demand.

But when the decision was made, and the project of resumption had been finally carried through Parliament, none of those difficulties that had once been supposed to surround it were found to be of any real weight. The bank rapidly accumulated gold in its vaults. The nation continued prosperous; trade steadily advanced. The directors soon found that they need not avail themselves of the privilege of paying in bullion, nor of the long period allowed them to strengthen their resources. They decided to anticipate the legal limit, and on the 1st of May, 1821, began their cash payments. The event passed off with little notice. No clamorous throngs brought in their notes to exchange them for gold; no disturbance followed in any of the walks of trade. The people hailed the return to honesty with new confidence in the government; commerce flourished; and the nation prepared itself for further reforms. Since that period England has had no debased currency, and the credit of its bank has remained unshaken. In 1826 a general panic drew largely on its resources; in 1839 it was saved from failure only by the timely aid of the Bank of France. But the restrictions that have since been placed upon its issue of notes have preserved it from all danger of suspension. Under its present constitution, whatever may be the misfortunes of England's merchants, its bank must be the last to fail.

Of the high sense of honor and the general integrity of its management there can be no doubt, but some English traders and some careful financiers complain of the autocratic power with which the bank rules over the domain of commerce. They urge that all business transactions are impeded by its varying scale of discounts; that to preserve its legal amounts of specie the bank contracts its loans when the nation most needs aid, and produces a constant uncertainty in the results of all commercial speculations. They contend that trade should be free from all artificial restrictions, and the price of money vary only with the demands of commerce. And the stockholders of the bank are equally affected by the legal restrictions that impede the free action of their directors. The Bank of England pays only a dividend of ten per cent., while the free banks often divide fifteen and twenty. That the stability of the national bank has not procured commercial security or prevented vast speculation is shown by the succession of a long series of periods of financial panic in England. It is probable that the principle of free banking must at last extend over Europe and America.

But against a depreciated and irredeemable currency honesty, prudence, and national self-respect cry out through all history. Necessity may for a time excuse, but only for the briefest period, the attempt to substitute promises for money. The use of a paper currency without redemption is a financial disease that grows in strength the longer it is tolerated. It drives money from the country; produces a constant scarcity; cheats the nation with the appearance of wealth, while foreign usurers drain its resources; inculcates public and private dishonesty; enforces a general corruption.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The larger part of the session of both Houses of Congress on Monday, 27th ult., was occupied in the delivery of eulogies on the late Senator Sumner. In the Senate, among those who spoke were Messrs. Sherman, Thurman, Boutwell, Morrill (of Vermont), and Sargent; and in the House, Messrs. Hoar, Lamar, Potter, and Rainey. A number of new financial bills were introduced into the House on the 27th, viz., by Mr. Poland, in favor of free national banking and the resumption of specie payments; Mr. Hooper, for a further issue of bank-notes, not exceeding ten dollars *per capita* of the population of any State or Territory, and also providing for the gradual reduction of legal tenders to $300,000,000, and issuing fifteen-year four and a half per cent. bonds with which to retire them; Mr. Lawrence, to facilitate the resumption of specie payments, and prevent fluctuations in the value of United States notes; Mr. Crossland, to repeal all laws imposing taxation on State banks; Mr. Fort, imposing a tax of five per cent. on all incomes over $5000, so as to increase the revenue, and prepare the way for specie payment. Mr. Field, Mr. Bright, and Mr. Shoemaker also introduced bills, which, with the others, were referred to the Committee on Banking and Currency.—The President's veto message was taken up by the Senate on the 28th, but the opposition vote being less than the required two-thirds, the veto was sustained; the nays were 30, and the yeas 34. The House passed the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation Bill, amounting to $20,000,000, on the 28th. The sub-committee of the House Judiciary Committee reported, on same date, in favor of denying the petition of the South Carolina tax-payers for relief from misgovernment. The House appropriated $90,000 on the 28th to purchase rations for the Mississippi sufferers.—Senator Wright, of Iowa, on the 29th, introduced a bill reducing salaries of Senate employés, abolishing the Civil Service Commission, and providing that clerks in the executive departments shall be appointed hereafter by the heads of such departments, subject to examinations by them. The bill to define the rights of American citizens in foreign countries came up in the House on the 29th, when Mr. Hale, of New York, spoke in condemnation of it. During the speech of Mr. Parker in the House on the 29th, in favor of elevating the Indian race to citizenship, a colored Representative, for the first time in our history, occupied the Speaker's chair. This honor was borne by Mr. Joseph H. Rainey, of South Carolina, who was formerly a slave in the South.—Mr. Washburn, of Massachusetts, took his seat in the Senate on the 1st inst.

The public debt decreased $2,965,451 [illegible] during the month of April.

The New York Legislature has passed an act consolidating the city and county of New York. Governor Dix has signed the bill to amend the charter of the Industrial Exhibition Company, authorizing it to issue $20,000,000 of bonds without guarantee. The item of $125,000 for the academies has been stricken out of the Appropriation Bill. The Legislature adjourned *sine die* on the 30th ult. During the session 1396 bills were introduced, and 1096 considered in general orders. The Assembly passed 971 bills, and the Senate 273. Two-thirds of these were special acts; 382 were passed during the week.

A collision took place between the armed forces of the rival Governors, Brooks and Baxter, in Arkansas on the 30th ult., resulting in the killing of eleven men and the wounding of twenty others.

Snow fell on the 29th ult. at Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Albany, Richmond, Baltimore, and New York.

The Cotton Association of St. Louis has decided to offer premiums aggregating $10,000 for cotton to be exhibited at the annual fair of the St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association next October.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The anti-liquor crusade has been carried into England, where it was inaugurated on the 27th ult. in the city of Manchester. Several signatures to the pledge were obtained. On the other hand, a bill was introduced in the House of Commons on the same day, by Mr. Cross, the Home Secretary, to allow the public-houses to keep open half an hour later at night.

The British budget was approved by the House of Commons on the 27th ult.

Three buildings in Newgate Street, London, fell on the 28th ult., crushing several persons in the ruins.

Count von Arnim, minister of Prussia at Paris, has written a letter to Dr. Döllinger, criticising the ecclesiastical policy of his government. The count subsequently resigned.

The new French-American postal treaty has been signed by both governments.

In Spain General Valles with six thousand men has taken possession of the town of Chelva, thirty-eight miles northwest of Valencia. Fighting was renewed before Bilboa, and the Republicans claim to have captured the town. The Carlists deny the report.

The new Captain-General of Cuba has ordered a draft for military purposes from the class between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five years. He has also decreed a tax of ten per cent. on all incomes exceeding a thousand dollars.

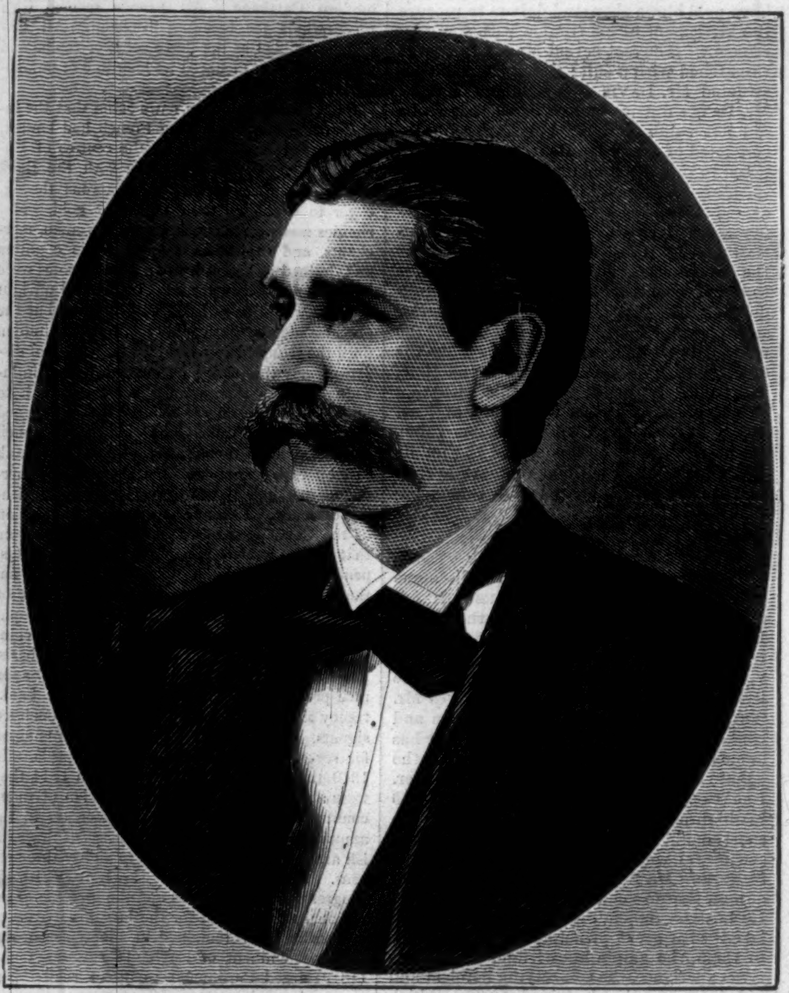
The Prussian Minister of Finance reports a surplus of 21,000,000 thalers for 1873.

A famine has occurred in Asia Minor. In the town of Angora alone 100 persons are said to have died daily from starvation.

GEORGE M. VAN NORT.

Of the men whom the reform movement in municipal affairs, which swept the old Tammany Ring from power in the fall of 1871, has brought forward, our present Commissioner of Public Works, George M. Van Nort, is one of the most prominent. Mr. Van Nort came into office as the successor of Tweed at the same time that Mr. Green succeeded Connolly in the Department of Finance, and Mr. Stebbins succeeded Sweeny in the Department of Parks. To him fell the arduous task of reforming the department which had been created for the "Boss" of the old Ring, and that he has succeeded in this endeavor, and has faithfully executed his trust, is attested by the general satisfaction with which our tax-payers and property owners regard his management of public works and improvements.

Mr. Van Nort is now in the prime and vigor of his manhood, having been born on the 29th of January, 1830, at Newburgh, on the Hudson, whither his parents had removed from Brooklyn shortly after their marriage. He is of old Knickerbocker stock, a descendant of the sturdy Dutchmen who first settled on Manhattan and Long islands and the neighboring shores of New Jersey. He counts among his paternal ancestors the celebrated Dutch Admiral Oliver van Noordt, one of the earliest circumnavigators of the globe. As the only child of his parents, he received a careful education at the Lawrenceville High School, in New Jersey. At the age of twenty he engaged in the lumber business in this city, but, being unsuccessful, he voluntarily relinquished his patrimony in liquidation of the business of the firm. In 1856 he received an appointment under Hon. Joel T. Headley, Secretary of State, and was associated with Dr. Hough in taking the State census of 1855. Later he accepted a position in the Tax Bureau under State Comptroller Lorenzo Burrows, and in 1858 served as Assistant Clerk to the Assembly. In August, 1858, he became connected with the administration of the Central Park as a clerk in the Disbursing and Construction Bureau, and in 1859 was elected Secretary of the Central Park Commission, which office he held for thirteen years. It was during this period that the remarkable executive abilities which characterize his present administration were developed and matured, and he acquired that intimate knowledge of the conditions and requirements of local improvements, and that experience in the management of public works, which have been of such value to him and to the city in his present position. His official acts and career since his appointment as Commissioner of Public Works, in December, 1871, have been so frequently discussed in the daily press that they are probably familiar to most of our readers, and require no comment here.



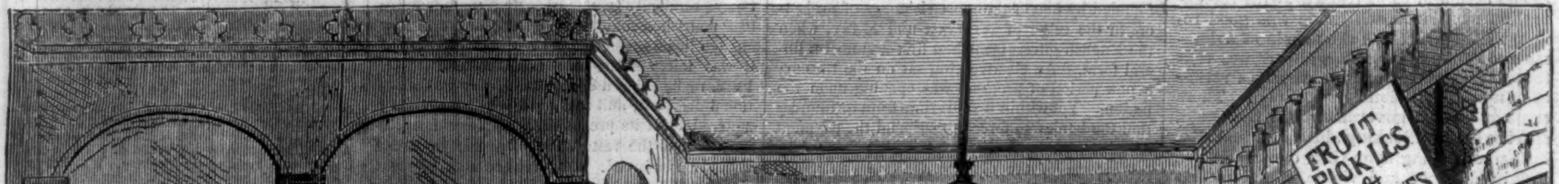
GEORGE M. VAN NORT, COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC WORKS.—[Photographed by Rockwood.]

LIVINGSTONE AND HIS SERVANT.

The remains of Dr. Livingstone reached England on the 15th of April, in charge of the famous "Nassick boy," Jacob Wainwright, who was the faithful servant of Livingstone down to the day of his death. This negro, who is over twenty years of age, though he looks hardly sixteen, was naturally an object of great interest with the whole party, who put many questions to him about the last hours of his lamented master. A slave in his childhood, he was carried from Zanzibar to Arabia, and on being afterward liberated through the English cruisers, was taken to Bombay, where he was taught to read and write English by the Church Missionary Society, under the Rev. Mr. Price, who now came on the scene to renew his acquaintance with his former pupil. The youth evinced remarkable quickness and intelligence, and his devotion to Livingstone appears to have been almost romantic. The meeting between Wainwright and Mr. Stanley was very cordial, and silenced forever the unjust insinuations which some English savants have indulged in respecting the veracity of Mr. Stanley's account of his discovery of Dr. Livingstone.

The remains were taken to the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society, where an examination was made by Sir William Fergusson, in the presence of Dr. Kirk, Dr. Loudon, of Hamilton, N. B., a former friend and professional attendant, the Rev. Dr. Moffatt, the Rev. Horace Waller, and Mr. F. Webb, of Newstead Abbey. The remains were much decomposed, but the condition of the left arm bone, in which there had been an ununited fracture, the result of the bite of a lion over thirty years ago, was so clear that the identification of the body was placed beyond doubt. At a previous meeting of the Society an interesting letter was read from the English consul at Zanzibar, embodying the information gained from the examination of Majwara, one of Dr. Livingstone's body-servants. We have room for a brief extract only:

> "The party sent by Stanley left Unyanyembe with the doctor about the end of August, 1872, and marched straight to the south of Lake Tanganyika, through Ufipa, crossing the Rungwa River, where they met with natural springs of boiling water, bubbling up high above the ground. On reaching the Chambezi (or Kambezi) River, they crossed it about a week's journey from Lake Bemba, also crossing a large feeder; but, by Susi's advice, Livingstone again turned northward, and recrossed the Kambezi, or Luapula, as he then called it, just before it entered the lake. He could not, however, keep close to the north shore of Lake Bemba, owing to the numerous creeks and streams, which were hidden in forests of high grass and rushes. After making a *détour* he again struck the lake at a village, where he got canoes across to an island in the centre, called Matija. Here the shores on either hand were not visible, and the doctor was put to great straits by the natives' declining to let him use their canoes to cross to the opposite shore. He therefore seized seven canoes by force, and when the natives made a show of resistance he fired his pistol over their heads, after which they ceased to obstruct him. Crossing the lake diagonally, he arrived in a long valley, and the rains now having set in fully, the caravan had to wade rather than walk, constantly crossing blind streams, and in fact, owing to the high rushes and grass, hardly being able to distinguish at times the land, or rather what was generally dry land, from the lake. Dr. Livingstone had been weak and ailing since leaving Unyanyembe, and when passing through the country of Ukabende, at the southwest of the lake, he told Majwara (the boy given him by Stanley, who is now in my service) that he felt unable to go on with his work, but should try to cross the hills to Katanda and there rest, endeavoring to buy ivory, which in all this country is very cheap (three yards of merikani buying a slave or a tusk),



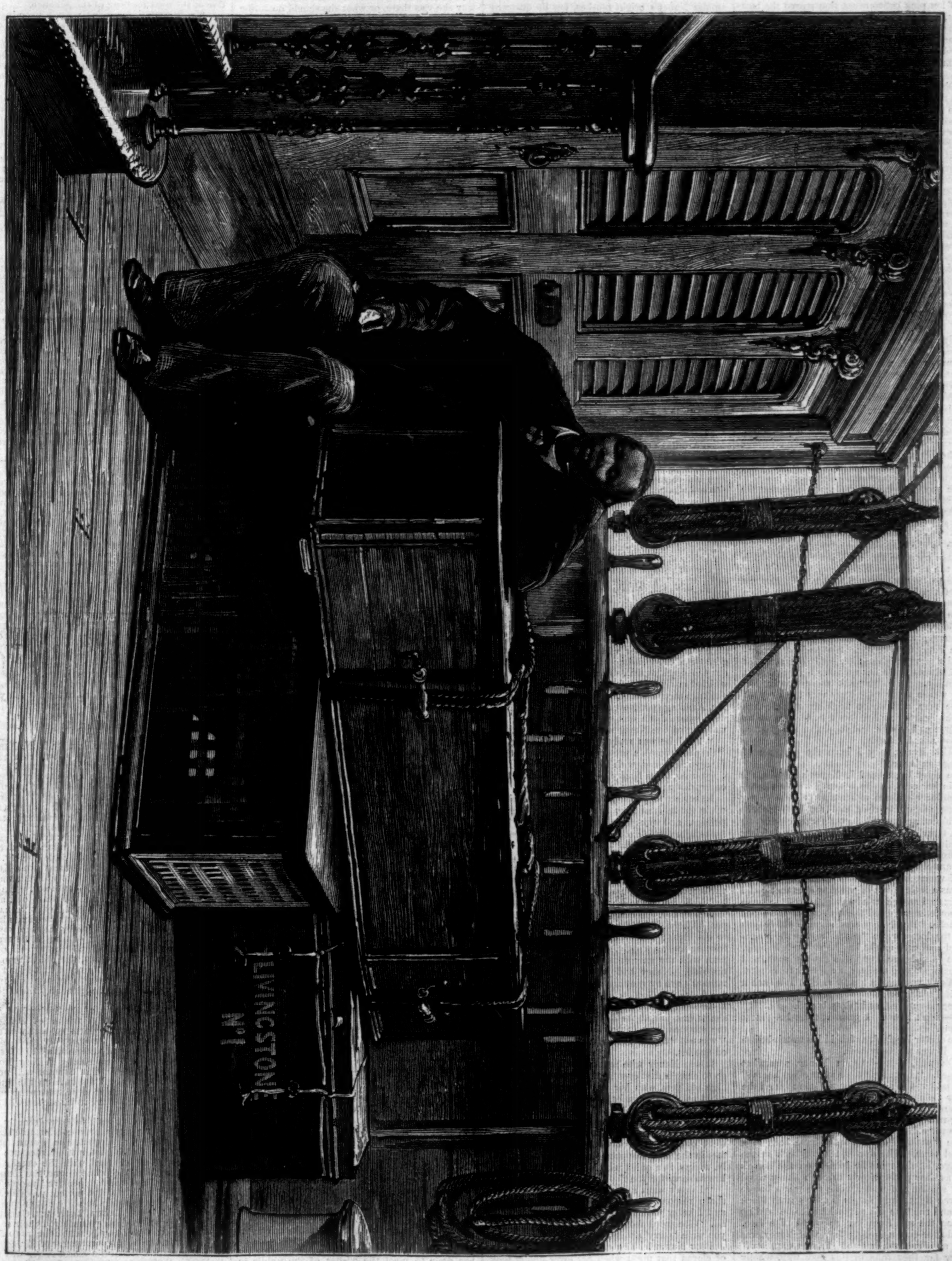
A BOSTON BAR—"BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM."

and returning to Ujiji through Manyuema to recruit and reorganize. But as he approached the northern part of Bisa (a very large country), arriving in the province of Ulala, he first had to take to riding a donkey, and then suffer himself to be carried on a *kitanda* (native bedstead), which at first went much against the grain. During this time he never allowed the boy MAJWARA to leave him, and he then told that faithful and honest fellow that he should never cross the high hills to Katanda. He called for SUSI, and asked how far it was to the Luapula, and on his answering 'three days,' remarked 'he should never see his river again.' On arriving at Ilala, the capital of the district, where KITAMBO, the Sultan, lived, the party were refused permission to stay, and they carried LIVINGSTONE three hours' march back toward Ukabende. Here they erected for him a rude hut and fence, and he would not allow any one to approach him for the remaining days of his life except MAJWARA and SUSI, except that every morning they were all desired to come to the door and say, 'Good-morning.' During these few days he was in great pain, and could keep nothing, even for a moment, on his stomach. He lost his sight so far as hardly to be able to distinguish when a light was kindled, and gradually sank during the night of the 4th of May, 1873. Only MAJWARA was present when he died, and he is unable to say when he ceased to breathe. SUSI, hearing that he was dead, told JACOB WAINWRIGHT to make a note in the doctor's diary of the things found by him. WAINWRIGHT was not quite certain as to the day of the month, and as SUSI told him the doctor had last written the day before, and he found this entry to be dated April 27, he wrote April 28; but, on comparing his own diary on arrival at Unyanyembe, he found it to be the 4th of May, and this is confirmed by MAJWARA, who says LIVINGSTONE was unable to write for the last four or five days of his life. I fancy the spot where LIVINGSTONE died is about 11° 25′ south and 27° east, but of course the whole of this is subject to correction, and although I have spent many hours in finding it all out, the doctor's diary may show it to be very imperfect."

On the 18th of April the remains of the great traveler were deposited in Westminster Abbey, in the presence of a great concourse of people. Many shops were closed along the route of the funeral procession, but there was no unusual display, such as would have accompanied the funeral of so distinguished a man in this country, and no official recognition of the event. Among the spectators were many distinguished persons, assembled to do honor to the memory of one of the greatest explorers of modern times. The most impressive feature of the whole spectacle was the quiet, orderly, and reverent demeanor of the vast concourse, who seemed to be animated by a common desire to do homage to one whose fate they deplored while they were proud of his deeds.

The coffin which inclosed his remains was of plain, brightly polished oak, bearing a simple inscription—his name, birth-place, and time and place of death. When it had been lowered into the grave many stepped forward and threw wreaths and loose flowers upon it. Then the last solemn words were said, the earth was cast in, and the body of the great traveler was left to its last repose. Among all who sleep in that sanctuary of departed greatness, none will be held in more reverent remembrance than the man who died in the service of science and humanity far away in the wilderness of Central Africa.

The illustration on this page is engraved from a photograph taken at Aden on board the *Calcutta*, which carried the remains of Dr. LIVINGSTONE from Zanzibar to that port.



JACOB WAINWRIGHT AND THE BODY OF DR. LIVINGSTONE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT ADEN.]

LILACS.

They hung, heavy plumes of purple, over the little gateway in that bright afternoon—the 1st of June. A charitable breeze swept one scented bunch of bloom a bit aside, just out of the reach of a little brown hand that had a moment ago ruthlessly stripped off half its blossoms.

But the owner of the hand had already turned about, with a toss of her black curls and a flirt of her pink calico dress, that scared the butterflies, and before the branch swung back she was hastening up the trim garden path, and flinging back a sharp speech over her shoulder at a tall, sunburned young fellow who, with a vexed light in his eyes, stood in the gateway watching her.

"Oh, it don't matter what *I* think! Indeed, I don't think at all. You may take whom you like to the next May-dance—you won't take *me!*"

It was such a pretty shoulder over which these words were cast, and there was such a rosy flush of anger on the round cheek half veiled in curls, that it is no wonder John Armitage took two or three steps in pursuit of the speaker; but he stopped, drew himself up with sudden pride, and said one reproachful word.

"Nancy!"

The one addressed wavered a little in her retreat, then resumed it with increased celerity.

"Will you stop and listen to me?" the young man queried, his rising indignation somewhat modifying his tone of appeal.

"No!" and the pink calico swept the myrtles on either side of the walk faster yet.

"Very well," was the angry response, as he who had pleaded turned toward the gate. "But mark my words: you'll be sorry for this before these bushes here"—brushing the low, sprays sharply aside—"are out of bloom! Now good-by."

Nancy, peeping from behind a curtain after his retreating figure, cried. Perhaps the soliloquy will tell why.

"Well, it's all over between us *now*, any way. It's his fault, too. He'd no business to take any one else to the May-dance when I couldn't go. I shouldn't wonder if he's gone down to Sarah Anderson's now. They'll be engaged next thing, and she'll crow over me finely. He'll try to make me jealous"—here Nancy had a spasm of crying. "See if I won't make him jealous first!"

The way she would do it became apparent the next afternoon, when, dressed in a jaunty blue suit that set off well her creamy complexion, dark curls, and tinted cheeks, she started for the village. The dainty blue silk parasol was lowered a little as she came to the pretentious block of buildings opposite the hotel, upon one of which hung the sign, "Dr. Miles Gray. Office hours from 8 to 10 A.M., from 3 to 5 P.M." But the face of the building was blank, and the office curtains lowered; so, with an impatient exclamation under her breath, Nancy went on to the post-office, where, getting no letter, she turned discontentedly toward home.

The Fates forbade her. She had not accomplished a quarter of the distance before the light roll of wheels made her turn her head and start perceptibly. In a moment more young Dr. Gray, whose natty top-buggy was the envy of all the men, and whose fascinating smile had won the hearts of all the women, had drawn up his horse at her side, had leaped to the ground, and had asked, eagerly,

"Miss Evans, may I have the pleasure of driving you home?"

The color brightened in Nancy's cheeks, the light in her eyes, as she assented with a charming smile; and in a moment they were slowly bowling along the road, and the blue ribbons were blown against the doctor's broadcloth.

Dr. Gray was young, handsome, not deficient in brains, with pocket-money enough to prevent him from being tragically earnest in his profession, and very much in love with the coquettish bit of womanhood by his side. As for Nancy, she was a little afraid of the gray eyes that could be quizzical as well as admiring, and of the smile that sometimes curled the corners of the black mustache. But Nancy was minus a lover just then, the doctor was a "catch," and so she laughed and chattered as the bay horse trotted along.

The farm-house came in sight too soon, and the doctor stopped midway in a speech to inquire,

"Won't you take a longer ride? It's such a beautiful afternoon!"

Nancy demurred, as in duty bound.

"I—don't know. I guess it must be—'most tea-time."

The doctor laughed, and held his watch before her. It was precisely four.

"Oh, well, then—" began Nancy, somewhat confused. "But aren't these your office hours?"

"Confound my office hours!" commented the doctor to himself. Aloud he said, "I'm sometimes obliged to break through my hours. I'm going now to see a—a patient on the outskirts of the town." So they drove on.

The "patient" could hardly have been in a critical state. The doctor, leaning back in the carriage, let the reins lie loosely on the horse's back as they paced slowly through shady wood roads smelling of pines, while the warm breeze fluttered light curls across Nancy's arch black eyes, and the blue silk parasol had to be held up to keep the sun from her rose-bud of a face. The doctor had a lurking fear that Nancy was rustic and ignorant, but ah! she was so pretty!

How far they rode in this lazy way, wholly rapt in conversation, is not known. How far they would have ridden is uncertain, if Nancy had not sent a mischievous glance straight into the gray eyes, and inquired,

"Why, where does that patient of yours live?"

The doctor laughed frankly, coloring nevertheless.

"I see you understand the 'ways that are dark and the tricks that are vain' pretty well, Miss Nancy. And now I don't dare to tell you what I was going to before you spoke."

"What was it?" queried Nancy, curious and conscious.

"It was," said the doctor, bending his own face closer to the curl-shaded one at his side, "that I wish I had the right to keep you with me always. Miss Nancy, will you look at me—will you let me?"

It was well that the doctor did not guess why, amidst Nancy's bright blushes, her lip quivered and her eyes filled with tears. She had made up her mind to accept the doctor, but in this decisive moment the thought of John Armitage sent a pang, cruel in intensity, through her heart. Then came the memory of their yesterday's quarrel, and Nancy faltered, with a struggling smile,

"I—I don't know."

She did know when, in the late twilight, she and the doctor walked together into the dusky sitting-room at home, where her father was dozing and her mother knitting, to ask their consent and their blessing.

"Dear me!" said the good farmer, rubbing his eyes. "Two sech pieces of news in one day's cur'us hereabouts. I heerd on'y an hour sence that Johnnie Armitage is a-goin' to Texas to kinder farm on his own account. I sorter thought, too, 't he an' Nancy fancied each other, but here she's wantin' to marry another man. It's cur'us!"

Nancy had taken her hand from the doctor's arm and had sat down in the window. She heard, mistily, comments and congratulations; she answered questions, laughed at jokes. She walked down to the gate with the doctor when he left, and stood there under the lilacs, his arm about her, replying to his tender talk; but when he was gone, leaving a farewell kiss on her lips, she rushed up stairs and threw herself on the bed in a perfect agony of sobbing that she could hardly stifle in the pillow.

The story of the next week is hackneyed. Such happenings are too common. Nancy came and went like the ghost of herself, but the whole village was gossiping over her engagement, and her evidences of trouble were ascribed to the "queerness of a girl just engaged." Little tired Mrs. Armitage ran over across lots one afternoon to tell the Evanses that John was going Monday, and she guessed he would manage to get over and bid them good-by; and cried because her pet son was going away, and was cool and sharp to Nancy, evidently suspecting that she was the cause.

Perhaps light natures suffer most overwhelmingly. Often in those beautiful June days Nancy, all alone in some shadowy grassy place, with sunbeams shimmering above, would wonder in a dim, childish way if she should not "die when John went." Only one hope was left; John was coming to say good-by. Oh, if she could only let him know how it really was! But how could she? and she would look down despairingly at the little gold circlet on her finger.

Sunday afternoon John finally came. Nancy, sitting in the parlor with the doctor, caught a glimpse of the well-known figure at the gate under the lilacs again. For a moment the room whirled around, and she was deathly white; then she rose mechanically, saying that she must bid Mr. Armitage good-by, and went out to the doorway, where John was greeting her parents, and warding off the Newfoundland with a laugh.

"Yes," he was replying as Nancy came up, "they say there's a pretty good chance out there for a young fellow with health and energy—How do you do, Miss Nancy?—and I've always been enterprising; so I mean to try it."

Nancy stood pulling the rose-vines in pieces while for half an hour the others talked crops, politics, and prospects. She could not have spoken for her life, though she longed to speak as a condemned criminal longs to ask mercy. Not once did John turn his obstinate auburn head to look at or speak to her, and at last he rose to go. He interrupted himself, while detailing particulars about grazing lands, to say "good-by" while he just touched her hand. If he had looked at her, the miserable pathetic look of appeal on her childish face would have gone straight to his heart; but he did not dare to look, and turning away abruptly, walked down the garden path with the garrulous old farmer hobbling by his side. Nancy had just time to escape her mother's eye by running up the stairs. She did not faint; but God forbid that girls should often know such misery as she suffered then! When she at last joined the doctor, as in duty bound, the stunned look in her face was pitiful. She "was not well," she said, in answer to his alarmed queries.

It was Nancy who proposed that they should go to church that evening. In the corner of the high old pew, with her veil hiding her face, she could at least be quiet, and one hour more of effort would have been insupportable. Mrs. Armitage was alone in her pew, and cried silently all through the service. Nancy's heart so went out to the poor woman that, when they met in the aisle, she pressed her hand impulsively, saying, in a quick whisper, "Mrs. Armitage, I'm so sorry for you!"

"I don't want any of your sorrow!" was the sharp response. "It's fine to talk; but you and I know well enough who's the cause of it all. One word from you would stop it now if you were 'sorry' enough!"

Poor Nancy! The clock was on the stroke of eleven that night when her lover finally took his leave, and she was free to pace the moon-lit sitting-room from end to end with set lips and wide glittering eyes. She did not cry. She felt as if she were going crazy, and in her desperation she did not care if she did. Hour after hour passed, and still she paced there, till her rigid face showed whitely in the first faint gray of morning. "Oh *would* he go? *could* he go? would nothing happen to stop him?" Scarcely knowing what she was doing, Nancy slipped through the door, and hatless, trailing her dainty blue skirt through the dewy grass, ran across lots to the Armitages'.

It was all still and dark and dewy. She heard the village clock strike three as she paused on the outskirts of the old-fashioned flower garden behind the house, and shrunk behind a hedge of blossomy lilacs, whose potent odor sickened her. Her mind was in a whirl. She did not know why she was there, or what she should do. She was in deadly fear lest some one should discover her, yet she could not go away. For half an hour she crouched there shiveringly, never taking her eyes off John's window, but starting every time the curtain blew. Suddenly a step on the garden path startled her so violently that she scarcely could suppress a scream. It was probably some of the work-people—oh, if they should see her! A hasty peep through the bushes showed her that it was worse than that: it was John himself, striding straight toward the gap in the hedge, and wearing a most unpropitious face. Nancy, in blind terror of discovery, crawled on her hands and knees close under the lilacs. He had passed, he was almost by, when a bird that Nancy had disturbed flew out with loud chirpings. One end of the loosened blue sash had caught on a stiff bough, and the color arrested his eye. Two strides brought him to the spot, and he stood with folded arms looking down at her a moment before his amazement found vent in the exclamation,

"Nancy!"

He had never seen such utter abandon and agony of shame as that with which the poor little maiden hid her face and cowered in the wet grass, with the cry,

"Oh, *what* shall I do? Don't speak to me! Go away!" and burst into a storm of tears.

For answer he gathered the little wet figure in his arms, smoothed the tumbled curls, tried to warm the icy hands, and did not dare to question, while he soothed her in his tenderest way.

"Take me home," said Nancy, as soon as she found strength to speak at all.

"I shall do no such thing," was the decided answer, as John's disengaged hand lifted her face so that he could see it, "till you tell me why you came. Nancy, I couldn't help hoping a little when I saw you here. Don't make me give it up! I thought my pride would support me through any thing, but I'm afraid it won't," he ended, sadly.

"I'm so glad it won't," breathed Nancy, in tones of heart-felt relief. "But somebody 'll see us. Take me home, John, and I'll tell you all about it."

How different seemed the way home, with John at her side. But Nancy was in no hurry to "tell all about it." She only said, nervously, holding John's hand in both hers,

"Promise me you won't go away!"

"Ah, but I want another promise first."

Nancy looked back at the plumy hedge whose shelter they had left, and said, with a half smile, "You see the lilacs aren't out of bloom yet, John; and I am—sorry, as you said I'd be!"

"And the doctor?" asks the critical reader. Ah, Nancy is no model of Christian maidenhood. She is only a faulty young girl, erring and loving and suffering, playing her part in one of the tragedies that are played every where in the springs and autumns, in the time of snow-drifts as well as in the time of lilacs.

PERSONAL.

The speeches in the Senate and House of Representatives delivered on the 27th ult. in honor of Charles Sumner were, in point of literary excellence and good taste, far above the eulogiums ordinarily pronounced in Congress. Exceptionally good were those of Messrs. Boutwell and Anthony in the Senate, and Messrs. Potter and Lamar in the House. Especial interest was manifested in that of Mr. Lamar, formerly one of the most extreme of Southerners. Whether regarded as a magnanimous tribute from the living to the dead or as an effort of oratory, it was a production of high merit.

—Captain Ralph Chandler, one of the most accomplished and skillful officers in the navy, has been ordered to the command of the United States steamer *Swatara*, which on the 1st of June will take on board the corps of scientific gentlemen—twenty-five in number—detailed by the United States government to proceed to Australia to observe the transit of Venus. The corps will be subdivided into five parties, to be stationed apart, some as far distant from the others as 700 miles. For this important service Congress has made a special appropriation of $150,000. The English, French, and other European governments have appointed similar commissions, and among them all the scientific and unscientific will probably be able to find out what Venus is really going to do about it. Wall Street, the Grangers, speculators in real estate, and longshore-men are eager to know more on that point.

—Postmaster James has issued a circular especially timely at this season of the year, when so many persons change their place of residence. If every letter passing through the Post-office were legibly directed, and the street number accurately inscribed, it would vastly facilitate postal delivery. Merchants and business men especially should act upon the suggestion of the postmaster to print on their letter heads and bill heads the number of their post-office box, and request correspondents to add the box number to the superscription. Postmaster James is doing more than any New York postmaster has done to meet the wishes of the public in reference to the frequent and speedy delivery of letters and papers, and the people should aid him and themselves by adopting his suggestions.

—A gentleman who met the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens on the cars on his way to Georgia says Mr. Stephens said: "I am going home to die. I have been a great sufferer, but this is the first time that any vital organ has been attacked. Until this my general health was better than for thirty years, but this has been terrible, and I must soon yield unless I am relieved. I hope I may recover, but I hardly expect it. I am now sixty-three years of age, and my constitution will not stand such a severe test." Of President Grant he said, "I regard him as a good and conscientious man, and believe he has the good of the country at heart."

—The Archbishop of Canterbury has approved the course of his dean at the late meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York, and confirmed that approval by appointing him representative at the next meeting of the Alliance.

—Mr. Roebuck, for many years a prominent member of Parliament, made a speech at a recent banquet of working-men at Sheffield, in which he denounced emigration, and hoped that England's family of children would still cling to her. He held any Englishman a dastard who incites Englishmen to seek a new home across the sea.

—It is said that there is now employed as reporter on a New York evening paper, a gentleman who was once a British officer, and outranked Sir Garnet Wolseley in his own regiment.

—A superior person on the staff of the New York *World*, alluding to the great fact that Herr Bulow (musical man) has finally decided not to come to America, observes that "Man wants but little Herr Bulow."

—The marriage contract between Citizen General Bonaparte and Josephine Beauharnais was recently sold at a book auction in Paris.

—The *Tribune* thinks that some sort of public reception to Henri Rochefort on his arrival in New York would not be so bad a thing for republicans to do. He has not "done any thing which should shut in his face the doors which are opened to other European writers or noblemen..... M. Rochefort is a fugitive from the law. So was M. Bonaparte. He escaped from Ham in a workman's blouse, and the garment has never been so honorable since. There is this to be said in relation to the two men. M. Rochefort has once or twice entered into revolutionary enterprises for what he considered, whether mistaken or not, the good of France; and M. Bonaparte was plotting and conspiring all his life for his own advancement and interests. On the whole," the editor says, "we think when M. Rochefort comes, those who take any interest in him may receive him as they like. If they have any doubts on the subject, they need not consult the friends of the late Emperor Napoleon about it. They are not good authority on points of honor."

—Joaquin Miller is in Rome, and the racy correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* tells how he looked and took on at an evening reception, where he had neglected both broadcloth and gloves, his hair hanging over his forehead, and his thin boots without polish. "'That's Joaquin Miller,' said my partner; 'he is living down in the Theatre of Marcellus, among the old-iron and scrap shops, studying the people, and neglecting the form and ceremony which society imposes on all but its pet lions.' I was seated with him later, when he was invited by a lady to dance. He declined, with the excuse that he had retired from the carpet since he got a bullet in his leg. 'Perhaps Mr. Miller would give us the war-dance,' suggested a gentleman near. 'Oh, do, Mr. Miller!' pleaded several young ladies at once. 'Well, now,' said he, 'it was only two or three evenings ago when, after being begged an hour and a half, I agreed to try the war-dance, but I had scarcely begun preliminaries when the ladies objected, and of course I had to give it up.' 'Why, how strange, Mr. Miller! what did you do?' 'Naturally,' said he, 'I was going to dance it in costume, but I hadn't gone any further than taking off coat and vest when the people objected, as I told you.'"

—By the will of the late Rev. Dr. E. N. Kirk, of Boston, he constitutes his sisters residuary legatees during life, the property afterward to be divided into fourteenths, of which two are to go to the American Missionary Association; two to the American Home Missionary Society; two to the American Board of Foreign Missions; two to the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary; two to Wellesley College; one to Andover Theological Seminary; one to the Boston City Missionary Society; one to the American Educational Society, and one to the American Bible Society.

—This is to be believed; it comes from a Kentucky paper. Jean Revore is a Frenchman living in Bracken County, Kentucky. He is known to be over one hundred years old, and himself "allows" that he was a boy at "Braddock's defeat" in 1755, or one hundred and nineteen years ago. The *Kentucky Yeoman* says: "If Mr. Revore's account of himself be true, he is at least one hundred and thirty years old, and therefore, by long odds, the oldest man in the United States." If we except that friend of ours in Brazil, who claims to be one hundred and seventy, Mr. Revore is probably the oldest man extant.

—Mr. Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican*, a close personal friend of Senator Schurz, says that the reports so freely circulated of the Senator's intention to leave Missouri for the purpose of accepting a $10,000 salary as editor of a German daily in New York are utterly groundless. The Senator will next year go to the people of Missouri on the question of his re-election, and expresses entire confidence that the Legislature to be chosen will return him to the Senate.

—Few of those who sit so complacently in their cozy private boxes, or in comfortable seats in the balcony or parquet, are aware how much they are indebted for their pleasure to the men who are charged with the details of management; but the prime donne, the tenors, the baritones, and the "expensive" people of the company understand it perfectly. The *habitués* of the opera were therefore not surprised to see that Nilsson, Lucca, Torriani, Capoul, and other eminents had volunteered their services for a complimentary benefit concert to Mr. J. C. Fryer, the business manager of Mr. Strakosch, and that Rossini's *Stabat Mater* was selected for their entertainment. It was in every respect—to the audience as well as to the beneficiary—a complete success.

—Mr. Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, seems to have incurred the special animosity of the *Daily Graphic*, of this city, for in that paper of April 29 it is said, in the editorial column, that "Henry Watterson, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, was in the city yesterday, looking as bright as the spring birds before the last snow-storm, and as workful as though he had not done the leaders of a great daily for eight months. In the evening he was joined by Messrs. **WHITE**, of the Chicago *Tribune*, and **HALSTEAD**, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, and proceeded to Boston to hear the eulogy of **CARL SCHURZ** on Mr. **SUMNER**. They represent the live journalism of the West, and provoke the regret that a newspaper trap can not be set with a bait tempting enough to catch and keep at least one of the trio here. New York has newspapers enough, but is sadly in want of an editor or two above the range of village or provincial journalism."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE President some time ago directed the heads of the several departments of the government at Washington to name for approval an officer whose duty it should be to take charge of every thing connected with the exhibition of articles on the part of the department at the Philadelphia Centennial, and this having been done, the composition of the board has been announced as consisting of Hon. F. W. **SAWYER**, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, on the part of the Treasury Department; Colonel S. C. **LYFORD**, for the War Department; Admiral **THORNTON A. JENKINS**, for the Navy; General **JOHN EATON**, Jun., for the Interior; Dr. **CHARLES T. M'DONALD**, for the Post-office Department; **WILLIAM SANDERS**, for the Department of Agriculture; and Professor S. F. **BAIRD**, for the Smithsonian Institution. This board, of which Colonel **LYFORD** has been named as chairman, will probably be intrusted with every thing relating to the exhibition of books, maps and charts, photographs, models of machinery, of military and naval implements, and all other objects illustrating the operation and work of the government.

Dr. **NEIL ARNOTT** died on the 2d of March last, in London, in his eighty-sixth year, having been born in 1789. For many years Dr. **ARNOTT** was prominently before the public as a writer and inventor. He first became well known to the public by the printing, in 1827, of his *Elements of Physics*, of which five large editions were published within five years, with numerous translations and reprints in other parts of the world. It was not until 1864-65 that the chapter on electricity and astronomy was published.

Dr. **ARNOTT** was also the inventor of what is known as "**ARNOTT**'s stove," for which the Rumford Medal was granted by the Royal Society in 1854. This is claimed to be one of the most scientific and economical arrangements for burning fuel so as to secure the largest possible amount of heat. In addition to this stove, Dr. **ARNOTT**'s "ventilator" and his "water-bed" have contributed greatly to the comfort of both the well and the sick.

Captain **NARES**, of the *Challenger*, gives an interesting and somewhat unexpected deduction from the observations made by him during the cruise of his vessel, namely, that the cold water at the bottom of the Atlantic, as far north as the Azores and the Bay of Biscay, equally with that at the equator, is derived from an antarctic and not from an arctic source, since, if at the equator the water supplied from the southward retains its cold temperature to so great an extent, the bottom water of the North Atlantic, if supplied by the nearer arctic, should be at least as cold; but the temperature of the lowest stratum increases decidedly as we pass north, and completely cuts off the arctic water found by the *Porcupine* at the bottom of the Faroe Channel from that discovered at the equator by the *Challenger*, which reached the maximum of 32.4°.

He also remarks that the bottom water is colder on the western side of the Atlantic at all the stations south of the Bermuda and Azores lines than on the east, showing that the antarctic cold current enters the North Atlantic and runs to the northwestward through the channels between St. Paul's Rocks and the Brazilian coast, and gradually expends itself as it circles round to the northeastward in the same manner as the warm equatorial current does on the surface, considering that current as including the Gulf Stream, which Captain **NARES** thinks it helps to produce. This cold current entering the North Atlantic is found between 1700 fathoms and the bottom, a total thickness of 700 fathoms. Thus the heat-giving properties of the equatorial and northeast trade current, carrying as they do a continuous body of warmed water toward the Caribbean Sea, can be traced by the rise in temperature of the whole body of water at Sombrero, and afterward at all the stations in the North Atlantic, but most readily by the widening of the isotherms about 62°, between America and the Azores, forming an immense reservoir of warmed water 1000 feet thick and at least two millions of square miles in extent. This change of temperature or disturbance is greater and nearer the surface on the western side of the Atlantic, the nearest point to the source of the current, than at the eastern side, where it slowly but gradually expends itself, sinking as it expires.

The death is announced of Dr. **FORBES WINSLOW**, for many years editor of the *Quarterly Journal of Psychological Medicine*, and author of many papers on mental disease.

The announcement was made some time ago that Professor **SYLVESTER** had developed a method of transferring circular into rectilinear or parallel motion, based upon a discovery made by a French engineer, Captain **PEAUCELLIER**. The details of the discovery have since then been made known by Professor **SYLVESTER** in a lecture presented to the Royal Institution, an abstract of which appears in *Iron* for February 28. The importance of this discovery, according to Professor **SYLVESTER**, can not be over-estimated, as it adds at once immensely to the resources of the mechanician, while it is so simple as to be economically applicable to the working of an ordinary pump-handle, and so powerful and perfect that the most elaborate mechanical combination to be found among our latest improvements in steam-engines is incapable of producing the same result. As the first application of the invention in England, a machine is about to be erected in the Houses of Parliament for the purpose of propelling a large shaft in a lateral direction, the origin of the motion being the wheels of a stationary engine. Other applications of the invention are in describing curves of almost any radius with exactness, and in greatly simplifying the service in laying out railway curves, the construction of torpedoes, and many other mechanical uses. It may be remarked in this connection that the results arrived at, according to many mechanicians and mathematicians, are something heretofore theoretically impracticable.

A letter from Captain **BURTON** contains the announcement that an interesting prehistoric cavern, in which were many bones, etc., has been lately discovered at Macarsca, near the southern extremity of Dalmatia.

Mr. **WILLIAM H. DALL** resumed his Alaskan explorations, under the Coast Survey, about the 20th of April, at which date he expected to sail for Sitka and more northern points. It is probable that his labors during the present season will be in the neighborhood of Cook's Inlet and the peninsula of Alaska, and the coast of the main-land as far as the islands of Nunivak and St. Michaels. His duties are to complete a coast pilot of the Territory and to make careful magnetical and other observations. Should his regular work permit, he hopes to make large collections in natural history and ethnology, in continuation of those of previous seasons, and transmitted through the Coast Survey Office to the National Museum at Washington, and which have done him and the Survey so much credit.

In **PETERMANN**'s *Mittheilungen* we find a paper by **BEHM** and **WAGNER** upon the population of the earth, in continuation of a similar article published last year. From this we extract the following table of the estimated population of the grand divisions, which will be of interest to our readers:

Europe	300,530,000
Asia	798,220,000
Africa	203,300,000
America	84,542,000
Australia and Polynesia	4,438,000
Total	1,391,030,000

Colonel **WARBURTON** has lately completed an exploration of Western Australia, which has added greatly to our knowledge of the continent. The expedition started from Adelaide with a train of camels, and after traversing a thousand miles in longitude, reached Perth, having made the journey in twelve months.

Professor **ALEXANDER GUILLEMIN**, in charge of the chair of physics and chemistry at the Academy of St. Cyr, lately died at that town, at the age of fifty-two. His attention was directed especially to electricity and telegraphy, and upon the former subject he published, not long since, a paper upon the propagation of the instantaneous current of the Leyden-jar.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday,	10.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday,	14.—Ascension-day.
Sunday,	17.—Sunday after Ascension.
Sunday,	24.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday,	31.—Trinity-Sunday.
Thursday,	7.—Southern Baptist Convention, Jefferson, Texas.
Wednesday,	20.—General Synod Reformed Presbyterian Church, Cedarville, Ohio.
Thursday,	21.—Presbyterian General Assembly, St. Louis.
Thursday,	21.—Southern Presbyterian General Assembly, Columbus, Mississippi.
Thursday,	21.—Cumberland Presbyterian General Assembly, Springfield, Missouri.
Friday,	22.—Baptist Anniversaries, Washington.
Wednesday,	27.—United Presbyterian General Assembly, Monmouth, Illinois.

JUNE.

Sunday,	7.—First Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday,	14.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	21.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday,	24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	28.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	29.—St. Peter.
Wednesday,	3.—General Synod Reformed Church, Poughkeepsie, New York.

ON May 1 the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, assembled in Louisville, Kentucky. This large and important body was formed in 1845 by the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The occasion of the separation was the connection of one of the bishops with slavery, the debate on which fact drew after it many other questions. In the year 1844 the communicants of the Methodist Episcopal Church numbered 1,175,314; in 1846, when the separation of the South was consummated, 649,344. Of the two organizations the Northern has, since 1845, grown the more rapidly, having, at the close of 1873, 1,288,704 communicants; the Southern Church has at present 660,000 members. Since the close of the war the colored members of the Southern Church have been organized into a separate body, with bishops and presiding elders.

A deputation from the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church to the Southern Conference will attend the session with fraternal greetings and a proposition for closer union. The deputies are the Rev. Drs. A. S. **HUNT**, of New York, and C. H. **FOWLER**, of Chicago, and General **CLINTON B. FISK**, of St. Louis. It is to be hoped that fraternal relations may be restored between these two important communions. We approve wholly of the opinion expressed by the St. Louis *Globe*, that "the sooner all sectional lines are obliterated in both church and politics the better it will be for the nation."

The proposed confederation of all Presbyterian Churches, of which notice has been taken in this Intelligence, makes progress. A committee appointed by the Presbyterian delegates to the late Conference of the Evangelical Alliance has issued an address to all the Presbyterian organizations in the world. Each Church is asked, "first, to express in a formal manner its approval of the object; and secondly, to appoint a committee to meet or correspond with committees from other Presbyterian denominations for the purpose of arranging for a meeting or convention of representatives to be appointed by the denominations, which meeting may effect an organization, and determine its character and practical modes of action."

Organic union of the Presbyterian Churches is not contemplated, but only such association for counsel and support as is consistent with the independence of each. The scheme evinces sagacity and a clear appreciation of the tendencies of the Christian world.

It is reported from the city of Mexico that **QUIRINO RUBIO**, another of the murderers of the Rev. **JOHN L. STEPHENS**, has been condemned to death; also that two journalists who denounced the murder have, as it is supposed, been foully dealt with. A letter from the Rev. **DANIEL F. WATKINS**, the companion of **STEPHENS**, to the secretaries of the American Board, furnishes some farther particulars of this horrible crime. On the day preceding, the cura preached an inflammatory sermon, in which he said: "It is necessary to cut down to the roots the tree that bears bad fruit; you may interpret these words as you please." On the next day the house of Mr. **STEPHENS** was attacked by a large mob armed with muskets, axes, clubs, and swords, and shouting, "Long live the religion! Long live the Señor Cura! Death to the Protestants!" Mr. **STEPHENS** and a companion fled to the back-yard; the latter escaped by climbing a wall. Mr. **STEPHENS**, left alone, retreated to a hay-loft, where he was soon found. Seeing some soldiers in the mob, he appealed to them for protection. Their only reply was to join with the crowd in firing upon him. He must have died instantly. After death his body was horribly mutilated; his books were taken from the house and burned on the plaza. The mob then went to the church and rang the bells, as if for joy.

The more the details of this crime are known, the more revolting it appears. Mr. **WATKINS** thinks his own life in danger, the priests seeming to be intent on killing him. A special guard of police has been furnished by the authorities for his protection.

The American Tract Society loses one of its most valuable officers in the death of the Rev. Dr. O. **EASTMAN**, for more than forty years one of its secretaries. He had reached the ripe age of seventy-eight years, and had continued in active service till 1870.

Trials for heresy are fortunately rare in this country, experience having shown that they are almost invariably attended with strong party feeling. There is, however, one now, as we write, proceeding in Chicago—that of the Rev. Professor **SWING**. The Rev. Dr. **WILBUR M'KAIG** has also been the subject of examination by the Chicago Presbytery for certain views held by him on the subject of inspiration. Public interest is keenly enlisted among the people of Chicago in these ecclesiastical proceedings.

Fifteen ladies of Portland, Oregon, who were engaged in the temperance crusade were recently committed to jail. The proprietor of a saloon before which they were assembled called upon the Chief of the Police to interpose. Refusing to close their service of singing and prayer, the ladies were placed under arrest. The case was tried without delay. To the charge of "behaving in a disorderly manner" by singing and praying on the sidewalk, they entered a demurrer, taking the ground that "singing and praying" did not constitute disorderly conduct, and that the Constitution of the United States secured liberty of worship. The demurrer was sustained, and the ladies were promptly discharged.

Richmond-on-Thames has been thrown into a great excitement by what is called the "cemetery scandal." The parish burial-place has for years had allotments for Conformists and Non-conformists within one inclosure, the mark of separation between the two being a broad pathway and nothing more. It being proposed to take in additional land for the use of Dissenters and Church people as heretofore, the rector of the parish has aroused great indignation by erecting between the two portions of the new ground a stone wall. A meeting of the vestry has condemned the rector's proceedings; and Earl **RUSSELL**, who lives near by, has sent a letter denouncing such bigotry. Some persons unknown have thrown down the wall, which was 280 feet in length. The rector has been called upon to remove it altogether, and to place "no other obstruction between the two portions but a gravel-path only."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

IF the cold storms of snow and sleet which made most dismal the closing days of April are to be continued with systematic regularity through the spring, the recent suggestion of "living under glass" will become popular. A modern reformer, in view of the unfortunate defects of our climate, has proposed the construction of an artificial climate, beneath an immense expanse of glass, supported by iron columns. The idea is to inclose an area of many acres, to have the walls forty or fifty feet high, and the great place to be warmed by steam. The interior is to be a luxurious city, with shops, hotels, theatres, and opera-houses, and never any need of umbrellas or overshoes! The estimate is that about ten thousand persons might be delightfully sheltered from all exposure to cold or storm in an establishment of this kind. It is true that this suggestion of a "city of glass" was made with special reference to the comfort and cure of consumptives. But is there not some danger that we shall all become consumptives if such trying changes of weather continue? A luxurious human conservatory, supplying all real or fancied wants, delightfully warm in winter, and refreshingly cool (by arrangements for condensing air) in summer, would be immensely popular, both when the chilly east wind blows and when the sultry heat prevails.

There will be a grand display and celebration on June 24 at Chicago, on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the new Custom-house.

A singular race took place a week or two ago upon the track of the Boston and Albany Railroad. When a train was approaching South Framingham a horse attached to a buggy took a notion to jump from the road upon the track. The engineer blew his whistle several times, but finding the horse paid no attention to it, kept on. The horse, however, kept in advance of the train, although it was moving with great speed, till it reached Natick, when a successful effort was made to drive the horse from the track. Strange to say, neither horse nor carriage was much injured.

Bald Mountain has again been agitated—so also the people about it.

In prospect of summer guests, gas has been introduced into the Glen House, White Mountains.

In Russia there is but one physician for 17,800 persons. There are also in that country but very few hospitals—not more than one for 175,000 persons. The sick, especially the sick poor, must have a rather hard time in the Czar's dominions.

The ice crop in Maine for the present season, with the old ice on hand, is estimated at not far from two million tons.

Our Philadelphia neighbors, as may be seen from an advertisement in our business columns, intend to make a great success of the Centennial Celebration in their city. If the plans of the managers are fully carried out, their International Exhibition will equal if not surpass every previous enterprise of this kind.

The details of a terrible colliery explosion come from the English press. It occurred at the Astley Deep Pit, Dukinfield, which is, with one exception, the deepest pit in England. About four hundred men were employed in this mine, and a violent explosion of gas resulted in the death of at least fifty-one men.

The Memphis *Appeal* says:

> "The whole coast country is under water, and the inhabitants have been compelled to leave their homes and flee for safety to the higher lands. The negroes have left the plantations along the river bottoms, and congregated in great numbers around the towns and country stores. These people have no money, and not only are in rags, but almost on the eve of starvation."

Entire forests, in many of the inundated regions of the South, appear to be at least two feet under water. At New Madrid, about a hundred miles from Memphis, there was a short time ago no dry land, and the whole country around appeared as though it had been in soak for several weeks.

The annual exodus to Europe will not be materially lessened by the recent disasters to ocean steamers.

The lava beds in the Modoc country have been covered with between four and six feet of snow since the middle of December, and it is thought it will be several months before the snow disappears. The fugitive Modocs, who have been hiding in the beds since the war, must have passed an uncomfortable winter.

A "Livingstone Testimonial Fund" has been established in England. It appears that the family of the distinguished explorer is left by his death in actual distress.

The "New York Cremation Society" is fully organized, and its members are confident of a charter from the Legislature. The society does not assume any combative attitude; but one of the principal points thought to be desirable as a basis of organization is the following:

> "The company binds itself to perform the act of cremation on the remains of any shareholder, provided he or she shall express such desire in any way before death, and in case of no opposition from immediate relatives."

Seeing without eyes seems not to be impossible, although our optics are usually considered essential to sight. At a recent meeting of a medical society in Pennsylvania the case was reported of a little girl, nine years old, in good general health, but having a falling of the upper eyelids, so as to completely close both eyes. Yet she was able to see well with the eyes closed and heavily bandaged, so that apparently the light was wholly excluded. The case has elicited much interest, and would scarcely be credited, except for the high standing of the medical gentlemen making the report.

The *American Register* says that at a recent private dinner-party in Paris Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt sang a passage from *Il Puritani* with the same voice of marvelous sweetness and strength, the same consummate power and unrivaled skill of execution, with which, twenty years ago, Jenny Lind charmed and delighted the world. It is now very rarely that this great artist can be induced to sing even in private circles.

It is wonderful how much a man can endure and yet live. A youth of St. Louis was assaulted by an enemy, and his throat cut from ear to ear, the jugular vein being barely missed; his left eye was destroyed, the right hand nearly severed, several deep wounds inflicted on his back and shoulders and on other portions of his body, and he was left lying on the ground for dead. But, contrary to all expectation, he did not die, and is now so far recovered as to be out of all danger.

The latest centenarian whose history we find chronicled is a native of Virginia, but lives in Pennsylvania. Her name is Mrs. Sophia Hickson, and she was born in 1770. She vividly remembers seeing the soldiers of the Revolution, and also certain doings of the Continental Congress in 1781, when she was eleven years old. She is still in good health, and the hope is expressed that she may continue so until the Centennial.

Presence of mind is a valuable gift in all circumstances. Not long ago, on the arrival of a train of cars at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, a man jumped off a car and demanded of another standing on the platform that he pay him the forty dollars he owed.

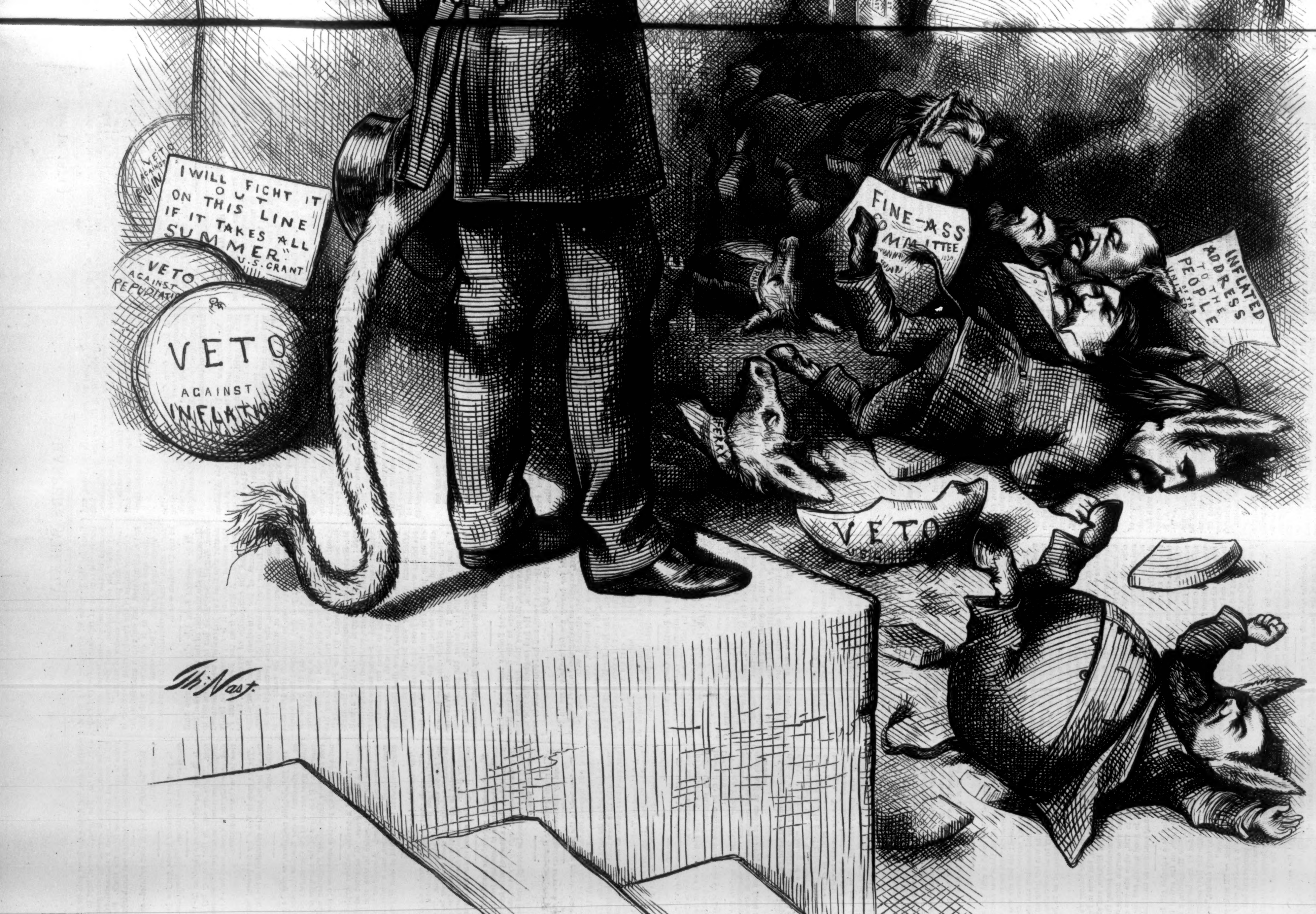
"I don't owe you any forty dollars," was the reply; "I never saw you before."

"Well, you pay it quick, or I'll make you," said the first man, brandishing a revolver, every chamber of which was loaded with powder and ball.

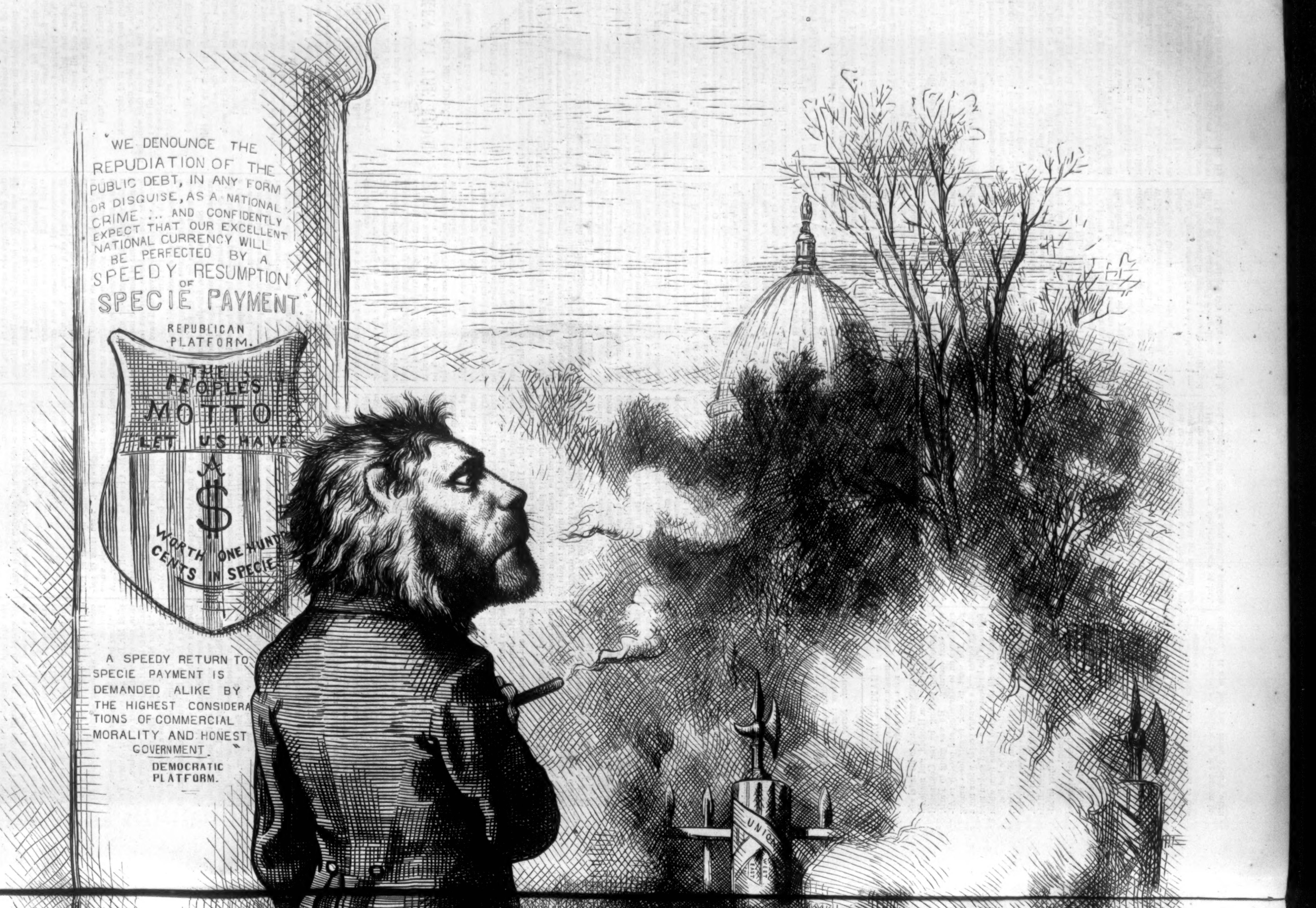
The gentleman who was thus threatened, seeing that his assailant was either insane or intoxicated, neither ran away nor knocked the maniac down, but calmly replied,

"Well, I haven't got the money about me, but I know where I can get it, and if you like to go with me we'll make it all right."

He then led the way to the police station, where the insane debt-collector was taken charge of by the officers.


VETO AGAINST RUIN
"I WILL FIGHT IT OUT ON THIS LINE IF IT TAKES ALL SUMMER" U.S. GRANT
VETO AGAINST REPUDIATION
VETO AGAINST INFLATION
FINE-ASS COMMITTEE
INFLATED ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES
FERRY
VETO
Th: Nast.

A GENERAL BLOW UP—DEAD ASSES KICKING A LIVE LION.


"WE DENOUNCE THE REPUDIATION OF THE PUBLIC DEBT, IN ANY FORM OR DISGUISE, AS A NATIONAL CRIME ... AND CONFIDENTLY EXPECT THAT OUR EXCELLENT NATIONAL CURRENCY WILL BE PERFECTED BY A SPEEDY RESUMPTION OF SPECIE PAYMENT."
REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.
THE PEOPLE'S MOTTO
LET US HAVE A $ WORTH ONE HUND CENTS IN SPECIE
A SPEEDY RETURN TO SPECIE PAYMENT IS DEMANDED ALIKE BY THE HIGHEST CONSIDERA TIONS OF COMMERCIAL MORALITY AND HONEST GOVERNMENT.
DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.
UNI

GRANT'S THE MAN.

(A NEW SONG WITH AN OLD REFRAIN.)

Hurrah! hurrah! for the man whose deed
Is mightier than his voice!
He is our truest friend in our need,
And he's the man of our choice!
Let those who sigh for inflation sneer—
They may flout his fame and all that;
But they'll find, in spite of each well-paid jeer,
We've taken their height and all that,
And all that, and all that—
General Grant's the man for all that!

Hurrah! hurrah! for the silent man
Who will not act a lie!
The traitors may cover it as they can,
We'll think of it till they die—
We'll think of the day when they went back
On their plighted faith and all that;
Till we set our Grant upon the track
Of their cowardly game and all that,
And all that, and all that—
General Grant's the man for all that!

You can't persuade us that we can shirk,
And that 'twill be all the same;
You shall not gain by this dirty work
And shoulder on us the blame;
We can't afford to build up again
The Confederacy and all that;
So don't you see it is very plain
We must play you Grant for all that,
For all that, and all that?—
General Grant's the man for all that.

Hurrah! hurrah! and a treble cheer,
And give him three times three!
He stepped to the front without a fear,
And Treason fell on its knee.
And he's saved the land from a fouler foe—
Your inflation fraud and all that—
If he can not blarney he can say No,
And put a stop on all that,
And all that, and all that—
General Grant's the man for all that!

TAKEN AT THE FLOOD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER LXVI.

SIR AUBREY'S RETURN.

There was more in Mrs. Carford's manuscript; but what remained told only of her difficult service with the victim of that conspiracy in which she had been an unwilling actor. She described the misery of long and weary days spent with the invalid, who at times was fully conscious of the wrong that had been done him, and asserted his identity and his claims as master of Perriam Place with vehemence and insistence; while at other times he lapsed into a state of dull indifference; vacant-minded; unconscious of any thing beyond his physical comfort—his dinner, his wine, the temperature of his rooms, the warmth of his garments.

In every stage of his feelings Mrs. Carford was at hand, patient, unfailing, his comforter and friend, and to her in his lighter moments he clung with sincere affection. His guilty wife never approached him, shrinking from him with as deep a horror as if the quiet room where he sat had been the chamber of death. Mrs. Carford neglected no care, left no duty undone, that might lighten the burden of that joyless life. This ceaseless labor, this continual anxiety, she accepted meekly as her penance for the errors of her past life. Her deepest sorrow was for her daughter's guilt; her never-ending fear was for that day of retribution which she felt convinced must come sooner or later to the sinner.

All this was recorded at length in the manuscript which Sylvia's mother had given to Edmund Standen.

He rose from the perusal of that paper with the feeling that every hope and desire of his life had ended. Existence lay before him a blank and sunless waste to be traversed, every star that had once lighted and beautified the distance extinguished forever.

What was he to do with his life henceforward? Go back to Monkhampton, resume his situation in the bank, work for his daily bread, live through all the scandal that would follow the revelation of Sylvia's crime; see the woods of Perriam Place in the distance, and be reminded every day how she whom he loved so fondly was banished forever from that scene in deepest disgrace and shame, existing only as a nameless wanderer, none knew where?

No, he could not return. That question was decided easily enough! He had £200 pounds in hand, money he had saved from his salary, his wants in his mother's house being very few. He would go abroad—wander far from the scene of his disappointments for a year or so, and when he came back to England he would get a situation either in London or one of the northern counties, where he would find himself among strangers who would never torture his ears with the name of Sylvia Perriam. It would be easy now for him to get employment in any English bank, with such testimonials as he could obtain from the chiefs of the Western Union.

He wrote to Mr. Sanderson, the Monkhampton manager, touched briefly on the trouble that had changed all his plans, surrendered his position in the bank, and engaged Mr. Sanderson's friendship in the future, when he should have occasion to obtain a new employment. He wrote also to Mrs. Standen, telling her in the simplest words, without passion, or self-abasement, how cruel a disappointment had overtaken the hopes that had made him an exile from his home. He acknowledged that this blow seemed like retribution for his dishonored vows to Esther; but he put forward no plea for forgiveness; he hinted at no hope for the future. He told his mother that, dear though she must ever be to him, his life was likely to be spent far from Dean House.

"I shall come to you gladly whenever you may summon me, my dear mother," he wrote; "but I shall only come in obedience to your summons, and I never again can enter Dean House except as a guest. You will say, and rightly, that I have fooled away all my chances of happiness; but you shall never have occasion to say that I am leading an unmanly or dishonorable life. I am going on the Continent again to try and forget this latest grief amidst unfamiliar scenes. My career after my return to England will be one of honorable industry; and however you may blame your son for his past errors, with God's help you shall have no cause to blush for him in the future."

These two letters dispatched, Edmund Standen felt that he had but one more duty to do. That duty was to provide for Mrs. Carford's declining days. She was helpless, friendless, dying, and anxious as he was to leave England, he could not go without doing all that benevolence could do to insure the peace of her last hours. He took a famous physician down to Crupskew Common to ascertain whether Mrs. Carford could safely be moved to more comfortable quarters, but the doctor told him decisively that any attempt to remove the patient would only precipitate the inevitable end. She was dying. Tender and skillful nursing might alleviate the sufferings of her last hours. It could do no more.

Edmund made all necessary arrangements, took all charges upon himself, and remained at a village inn in the immediate neighborhood of Mr. Ledlamb's cheerless abode, in order to insure the patient's welfare by frequent visits to the Arbor.

He had not long to wait for the melancholy end. Before the week was over Mrs. Carford's troubled life had reached its penitent close. James Carford was summoned ere the end, and came in time to breathe words of forgiveness into the dying woman's ear, and to implore pardon for his own unkindness and neglect, which he confessed might have done much to influence his wife's conduct.

"We were both to blame, I dare say," he said, "and I may have been the worst sinner."

James Carford and Edmund Standen returned to London together after the quiet funeral in the village church-yard. During the journey Mr. Carford, alias Carew, took occasion to inform Mr. Standen of the abject position to which his daughter's misfortunes had reduced him.

"I have been living like a gentleman for the past two years," he said, "and now I find myself brought face to face with starvation. My daughter had no thought of my destitute position when she fled, with all the property at her command. Unless I can join her in her exile I know not what is to become of me."

"You need not fear starvation," answered Edmund. "I have forfeited the inheritance that would have been mine, for your daughter's sake, and must henceforward work for my living; but I am not afraid to promise you fifty pounds a year for the rest of your life, and that income will save you from starvation."

"You are too good, Mr. Standen. Ah, if my unfortunate child had but seen things more clearly. How much happier for her to have been your wife than to have bartered peace for splendor!"

"You forget, Mr. Carew, that you rejected my offer with contempt."

"Pardon that act of folly, Mr. Standen. Remember how little I knew of you. I saw before me only a foolish young man, over head and ears in love, rash, impetuous, ready to sacrifice his prospects, and involve the object of his affections in his own ruin. Had I known your steadfast and noble character, your power to win a position for yourself, I should have been the last to hesitate. However, it is worse than idle to regret the past errors. Poor Sylvia! Would to heaven I knew where to find her."

Edmund sighed and looked out of the window. Guilty Sylvia! His heart bled for her, worthless though she was. If she had sinned against him in the beginning, her last and heaviest sin had been committed for his sake. Hard if he had not pitied her.

"Those diamonds," mused Mr. Carew—"they must have been worth three or four thousand pounds. And that poor child wandering alone and unprotected, when she might at least have had a father's care."

He thought of that noble income, that splendid home which Sylvia had lost by an act of guilt and folly that seemed to him unparalleled in the history of woman's wrong-doing.

Not long had Mr. Carew been permitted to enjoy the luxuries of the establishment in Willoughby Crescent. Mr. Bain appeared on the morning after Sylvia's flight, and that abode and its belonging had, as it were, dissolved and vanished before his coming, just as Lamia's air-built palace melted when that serpent-woman was denounced by the Corinthian philosopher. Shadrach Bain paid and dismissed all the servants except Mrs. Tringfold, whom he sent back to Perriam with her youthful charge, without enlightening her as to his reasons for so doing. He informed Mr. Carew, with extreme politeness, that it would be necessary for him to find other quarters forthwith, and at two o'clock in the afternoon he restored the keys of No. 17 Willoughby Crescent to the house agent, with all moneys due to him on account of that dwelling-place.

Mr. Carew pressed for an explanation, whereupon the steward, in briefest, plainest words, told the story of his daughter's wrong-doing.

"I decline to believe this statement until it is proved to my satisfaction," said Mr. Carew. "How do I know that this is not a plot of your hatching? It is easy enough for you to assert that the surviving brother is Sir Aubrey, and not Mr. Perriam."

"There is one piece of evidence which ought to be convincing to you, Mr. Carew," answered the steward, unmoved.

"What evidence, Sir?"

"Your daughter's flight."

James Carew was silent.

He removed from Willoughby Crescent to a single room in the shabbiest by-street of that aristocratic neighborhood. Even cities of palaces have their outer fringe of hovels, where wealth's pauper dependents may find shelter. A sad change for Mr. Carew to find himself living in a shabby lodging on his scanty reserve fund, and with faintest hope of future comfort.

A brief statement of the main facts concerning Mordred's death had been made by Mrs. Carter the day before she died, in the presence of Edmund Standen, Mr. Ledlamb, and Mr. Bain, who came to the Arbor expressly to obtain this confession. He had no knowledge of that manuscript in which Sylvia's mother had written the entire history of the conspiracy.

This document signed and witnessed, Mr. Bain had allowed Mrs. Carter to expire in peace, while he remained in attendance upon Sir Aubrey at the chief inn at Hatfield, awaiting the time when it would be wise to remove the baronet to Devonshire.

Happily there was no one interested in disputing Sir Aubrey's return to life. The heir at law would be no worse off for his resurrection, and there were no proceedings in Chancery to be feared from him. Nor could the question of identity give much trouble. All the old Perriam Place servants had been excluded from the rooms which their master inhabited after his supposed death. Mrs. Carter had performed the most menial services rather than suffer even a house-maid to enter those prison-like apartments. Those old servants who had waited on Sir Aubrey for years would not fail to recognize him.

There was Mr. Stimpson, too, who with self-abasement must needs confess the cheat that had been put upon him. Altogether there could be little doubt as to Sir Aubrey's reception at Perriam Place. One important question remained to be decided. Was the wretched woman who had fled to be pursued by the law? Was any penalty to be exacted from her for her iniquity? Here Mr. Bain found himself at fault. His master and client was weak in mind and body, certainly in no condition to answer such a question as this. Finding himself obliged to determine on the course to be followed, Mr. Bain pursued his customary plan in all such difficulties. He referred the matter to his own interests, and decided that he had nothing to gain by hunting the miserable fugitive, or by dragging Sir Aubrey's sufferings and Sir Aubrey's wrongs before a court of law. All the law could do would be to restore Sir Aubrey to the position from which he had been ousted. If Sir Aubrey could be restored without the aid of the law, why incur the expense and scandal of law proceedings?

This is how Shadrach Bain argued. He had tasted all the sweets of revenge, and could afford to be negatively merciful to the woman who had scorned him. Let her go—let her starve, forgotten and unknown, in some foreign city; or let her win shameful fortune by the beauty he had once admired. Her fate could signify very little to him. The estate which he had once hoped to win through his influence over her was now removed beyond the limits of hope. He had only his stewardship to look to. But Sir Aubrey's helplessness and his son's infancy made the Perriam stewardship a very comfortable thing.

"I shall be a rich man before I die," thought Shadrach Bain, "though I may never be called 'the Squire.'"

Skillful medical treatment and careful nursing wrought a considerable improvement in Sir Aubrey, and by the time he had been a week in Mr. Bain's charge at the Hatfield inn he had become pretty much the man he was at Perriam, before the steward left for his second journey to Cannes. His speech and appearance were alike improved. Memory had in a considerable measure returned. He spoke of familiar things, asked for his old servants, was eager to return to Perriam, and never failed to recognize Shadrach Bain. But on one subject he was curiously silent. His wife's name never passed his lips.

Mr. Bain waited another week, by the end of which the patient's improvement was still more marked. He then wrote to the housekeeper at Perriam, announcing his return with Mr. Ledlamb's patient—no mention of Sir Aubrey's name—and requesting that Mr. Stimpson might be at The Place to receive the invalid on the following evening.

Perriam was looking its fairest in the glow of an autumnal sunset when Sir Aubrey returned to that peaceful abode of his forefathers: Sir Aubrey, whose name had been inscribed on one of the massive oaken coffins in the Perriam vault, whose pompous Latin epitaph, with an error in an ablative case—when was there a Latin epitaph without an erroneous termination of substantive or adjective, according to some learned caviler?—adorned the chapel wall. Mr. Bain and his charge drove from the station in the yellow chariot, which had been sent to meet them by the steward's order.

Sir Aubrey gazed upon that familiar scene in silent rapture. All the consciousness remaining to that weakened brain was aroused by the sight of home. How often in his joyless, comfortless captivity his thoughts had wandered dimly backward to these scenes, and with how keen an agony had he told himself that he should see them no more!

He turned away from the landscape at last, and clung to his steward's arm with a sudden pang of fear. "You won't let them take me away, will you, Bain? You've always been a good servant to me. I tell every one so. You've improved the property, as your father did before you, and kept the servants up to the mark, and not wasted money on fanciful repairs. I've always praised you. You won't let me be sent away, will you, Bain? If I am mad, I am not mad enough to do any one any harm. And I am Aubrey. They may talk themselves dumb, but they can never shake me from the certainty of that one fact. I know my own name. Mordred is a poor creature; my brother, but a poor creature. I will never submit to be called Mr. Perriam."

"Your brother Mordred is in his grave," replied Mr. Bain, "and you are Sir Aubrey Perriam, sole owner and master of this place. You shall never leave it again, save at your own wish."

"Poor Mordred dead! Bless my soul!" murmured Sir Aubrey. "He was a poor creature, but I was fond of him, and he was fond of me. A man's hold on his own life relaxes when he loses his only brother."

They were at the house by this time. All the servants were assembled in the hall, according to Mr. Bain's instructions; and Mr. Stimpson was also in attendance. The outer world was still steeped in sunset's fading glory, but the lamps in the dusky old hall were lighted, and shone full on the faces of the travelers.

One startled cry broke from almost every lip as the baronet appeared among his household, leaning on Mr. Bain's arm, and supported on the other side by a valet whom the steward had engaged for him at Hatfield.

"Sir Aubrey Perriam!"

"Yes," replied Mr. Bain, "Sir Aubrey Perriam. I thought such faithful servants would hardly fail to recognize a master they had served so long. Sir Aubrey Perriam, in spite of Lady Perriam's pretended widowhood—in spite of the lying epitaph in Perriam Church—in spite of the funeral, and the will which I read in this house—Sir Aubrey, alive and among you once more. The coffin that was carried out of those doors held the body of Sir Aubrey's brother Mordred. For the last eight months of his life Sir Aubrey has been the victim of a most foul conspiracy. But I have unearthed the plotters; I have unraveled their mystery; I have brought your old master back again to you and to his rights and his home."

Cheers, long and loud, for Sir Aubrey and his deliverer. Mr. Bain felt all the sweetness of being a hero.

Mr. Stimpson advanced, pale and scared of aspect, and examined the countenance of his old patient.

"Good heavens! how could I have been so much mistaken?" he exclaimed. "Yes, it is indeed Sir Aubrey. Those artful women! They kept the room dark, and contrived to distract my attention. There ought to have been an inquest. Sir Aubrey, can you ever forgive me?"

"I forgive every body," said the baronet, feebly, looking round with an agitated expression. "And now I think I should like to go to bed, Bain. You'll stop with me, won't you? You'll take care. You'll not let them remove me while I'm asleep."

"Sir Aubrey, you are beneath your own roof. You are sole master here. This house holds no secret enemy now. You can sleep in safety. You are surrounded by faithful servants."

The old man looked at them with a faint smile.

"I thank them kindly for remembering me," he said; and then looking about him as if he suddenly remembered something, "I should like to see my son," he exclaimed.

Mrs. Tringfold came in with her youthful charge, the youthful charge somewhat cross and sleepy, having been kept awake against his will for the last hour in case Sir Aubrey should ask to see him.

The old man looked down at him tenderly. There was no imbecility in that fond gaze, but sentient affection, a father's deep and silent love.

"I shall sleep better now that I have seen my boy," he said—"now that I know we two are under the same roof. Never let any body part us again."

CHAPTER LXVII.

"SINCE THERE'S NO HELP, COME, LET US KISS AND PART."

Edmund Standen went back to his hotel after that last journey from Hatfield, and made all arrangements for starting by the Continental train next morning. He was going to Paris, and thence on to Marseilles, and possibly to Algiers. He went to seek forgetfulness among strange scenes and a strange people, where not a feature of the landscape, not a word spoken near him, would recall the English home from which he was self-banished, or the hopes he had lost.

He went into the reading-room after dinner, and turned over the day's newspapers with but the faintest interest in any thing he read in them, when something happened which changed all his plans, and put that thought of a winter in Algiers out of his head for the present.

The following brief advertisement appeared among various enigmatic appeals in the second column of the *Times* supplement—not the day's paper, but a two-days-old supplement, as Edmund discovered afterward when he looked at the date:

THE friends of a lady now lying seriously ill at the Pier Hotel, Newhaven, are requested to communicate with the proprietress. The lady arrived by the afternoon train from Lewes on Thursday, September 10, and has been suffering from fever and delirium ever since. Her linen is marked S. P. She wears a large diamond cross, and has in her possession a morocco hand-bag, with patent lock, supposed to contain valuables.

There could be no doubt as to the person indicated. It was half past seven o'clock when

Edmund Standen read the advertisement. He was at the London Bridge Station at eight, and at a quarter past was on his way to Newhaven. He had to wait upward of an hour at Lewes, and it was eleven by the time he reached the end of his journey. Here he encountered only disappointment, and perplexity awaited him. The landlady had a strange story to tell him.

She had sent the advertisement to the *Times* on the preceding Friday, by the advice of the medical man, who saw the possibility of the patient's fever developing into typhus or typhoid. The landlady had been terrified by the mere suggestion of such a thing, and was for removing the patient at once to the county hospital.

This the doctor had pronounced impossible. She was too ill to bear such a journey, and the most that could be done would be to remove her to some adjacent lodging, there to await communications from friends who might see the *Times* advertisement. This was done immediately, and it happened curiously that from the hour of removal the sufferer began to mend. She was calmer, and the fever considerably reduced by Saturday night. On Sunday she was able to leave her bed. The next day the improvement was still more marked: the patient was calm and sensible—opened her bag and produced a purse, from which she gave the doctor a twenty-pound note for the landlady of the hotel, and a ten-pound note on account of his own services. On Monday evening the nurse who had charge of the patient ventured to leave her for a little while, in order to go into the village upon some errand. According to this woman's statement, she was only absent a quarter of an hour, but on her return the patient was gone. The nurse had left her dressed and lying on the sofa. Search was immediately made, but vainly.

The time of the patient's disappearance was within a few minutes of the time at which the boat started for Dieppe, but nobody had thought of going to the pier, or suggested the idea of the patient having gone on board the steamer, till too late.

When the same steamer returned to Newhaven it was ascertained that a lady dressed in black, answering to the description of the nameless fever patient, had crossed on the last voyage to Dieppe. No one had remarked where she went, or whether she was met by any one on the arrival of the steamer.

"I'm afraid the poor dear young lady must be a little queer in her head," said the landlady, with a sympathetic air—that twenty-pound note had paid her very well for the beef teas and arrow-roots made for the invalid. "Dr. Follcott says that she must have endangered her life by that foolish journey, for though she seemed to get round so quickly, she was as weak as a baby, and only keeping herself up by some inward excitement. She was just in the state for a relapse."

"There is no boat till to-morrow, I suppose?" said Mr. Standen.

"No, Sir; not till to-morrow morning at ten."

"Then I shall cross by that boat. Dieppe is not a large place. It will go hard with me if I do not find this lady."

If the landlady expected some enlightenment as to the circumstances of her nameless guest, she was doomed to disappointment. Mr. Standen thanked her for her care of the helpless traveler, but told her nothing. He called on the local surgeon next morning, and heard his opinion of the case. It was not cheering.

Edmund Standen was in Dieppe before dark that evening, going quietly from place to place, inquiring for the fugitive. After two hours' diligent search he found her at a third-rate hotel in the town, in a small room on the fourth story, paved with red tiles. She was lying on a narrow bed in a low alcove, with a Sister of Mercy sitting on a rush-bottomed chair by the bedside, counting her beads and whispering prayers, while the patient lay in a slumber that seemed more restless than the most unquiet wakefulness.

Sylvia had struggled hard to go on, on, she knew not whither—to Paris, or any where—but had broken down at the Dieppe railway station, where she found herself hardly able to stand. She tottered to the waiting-room, and here was seen by the good Sister of Mercy, who, finding her helpless and friendless, took her in charge, put her into a hackney carriage, and had her conveyed to the hotel where she was now lying.

Before night-fall the fever was again at its height, and the dreaded typhoid speedily declared itself. The Dieppe doctor ordered cooling drinks, bled the patient two or three times, exercised all his skill for the one great end of reducing the system. In this he had succeeded to admiration, and the patient, thus robbed of forces which might have fought the disease, had succumbed to the fever.

One look at that wasted face—those glassy eyes which opened and looked at him without recognition—told Edmund Standen that the end was inevitable. How near or how distant that end might be he knew not.

He telegraphed to London for the famous Dr. Crow, reckless of the sacrifice of the doctor's time and his own money, feeling very sure that it was too late for any good to be done by the wisest physician upon earth, but anxious to do the uttermost for this wreck of humanity which had once been his idol.

The great doctor telegraphed a prompt reply. It was impossible for him to come to Dieppe, but he would send Dr. Daw, a star of secondary magnitude in the medical world. For Dr. Daw's arrival Mr. Standen waited patiently, but not hopefully.

He shared the sister's watch beside that sick-bed, his hand held the cup of cooling drink to those parched lips, heedless of what poison might lurk in the burning breath that seemed almost to sear his face as he bent over the sufferer.

How changed she was—that lovely Sylvia, whose beauty had been so fatal a gift! The red-gold hair had been shorn close to the small head by the nurse's scissors, the once oval cheek was now hollowed and cavernous, the jaw square and bony, and those eyes—lamps of splendor—were now dull and lightless. Could there be keener agony than to mark such decay, and to remember how he had loved her, and to feel that he loved her still, that she was dear to him in her misery, dear to him despite her guilt?

Once during the long hours of his watch the sufferer awakened suddenly from a sleep that had been somewhat quieter than that restless doze in which she was wont to lie. The dark eyes were slowly turned toward him, and gazed at him with the gradual dawn of recognition. The words that followed denoted that although Sylvia knew her lover, she had no consciousness of late events or the place where she was.

"I thought you wouldn't leave me, Edmund, just before our wedding," she said, in her feeble, tremulous voice. "But you've been away so long, and I have been lying here with that dark woman watching me—that woman over there in the black gown. Why don't you send her away? You know I detest black. I wore mourning so long for Sir Aubrey; but that is all over now, and my wedding-dress is ready. I showed it you, didn't I, Edmund? Such lovely point lace!—fit for a duchess, but not too good for your wife. I want to look my best that day. What have they done with my hair?" she cried, passing her thin fingers over her head with a weak, uncertain movement.

"They haven't cut it off, have they? They couldn't be so cruel as that. I was always praised for my hair, though some of the Hedingham girls called it red. It is all gone. Am I in prison, Edmund, for some dreadful crime? Could they put me in prison for *that?*"

There were fitful pauses between these broken sentences, and many of the words were imperfect and indistinct; only the keen ear of affection could have interpreted those rambling utterances of half consciousness.

Edmund soothed and comforted the sufferer—murmured words of hope—spoke of another world, that world whose mystic gate stood ajar. Vain effort: the shallow, worldly mind was still given to earthly things—had neither care nor hope beyond earth.

"Is to-day our wedding-day, Edmund?" she asked. "Don't deceive me. I am not too ill to go to the church. Let me get up and be dressed. Where is Céline? Send that dark woman away, and bring me Céline. I know my wedding-dress has come home. Why do you turn from me like that, Edmund, and hide your face with your hands? There is no one who can prevent our marriage. Sir Aubrey is safe."

Then followed long intervals of silence, and then wandering words that had no meaning even for Edmund's attentive ear. He watched beside that bed day and night, while the patient Sister of Mercy sat in a corner behind the bed-curtain, where Sylvia could not see her, and prepared the medicines and fever drinks, and directed Mr. Standen's ministrations, and prayed with all the fervor of her simple soul for the fading sinner.

Dr. Daw came, but could do nothing except pronounce that the Dieppe surgeon had been altogether at fault, and prescribe a new mode of treatment, which, had it been adopted earlier, might have saved the patient, but which could now only prolong life, and lengthen the weariness of dying.

The life thus protracted, watched with unremitting care, lasted three or four days after Dr. Daw's visit, and then, in the quiet midnight, the tired sufferer slipped almost unawares into the undiscovered country. Love watched the last breath, religion knelt by the bed, and thus the worldly soul went forth from the region of human pity and affection into the awful solitude beyond, whither no human imagination dared follow it.

Once, very near the end, there came a gleam of light. The lips which had been voiceless for many long hours moved faintly, and Edmund, leaning down to catch the feeble whisper, heard Sylvia's last words: "Kiss me once again before I go—as you kissed me in the church-yard—before I betrayed you."

Living and dying lips met in the last kiss of a love that had been fatal.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

LOVE IS ENOUGH.

SYLVIA PERRIAM had been laid in her foreign grave, and Edmund Standen had gone on to Marseilles, before he began to feel that he would have to pay the penalty of his devotion to the dying sinner. On the day of his arrival at the southern sea-port the grip of the fever fiend fastened on him—limbs aching, head burning, fits of heat and cold, aguish shiverings. He sent for the best English doctor in Marseilles, and told him what he had been doing, and that he was in for a fever.

The doctor tried to make light of these apprehensions, yet confessed that Marseilles was not the safest place a man who had the fever poison in his system could come to.

"Is there any one you would like me to write to in the event of your getting worse?" he asked, kindly. "I don't apprehend such a thing; but it's always wise to be equal to either fortune, as Shakspeare puts it."

"You are very good. Yes, if the worst should come, I don't wish to die quite alone in a strange country. I'll give you my mother's address. When you see danger, telegraph to her—but on no account before there is danger. She is no traveler, and the journey to Marseilles will be a formidable one for her."

The doctor promised to obey. Before the week was ended he saw sufficient peril to justify his sending the telegram to Dean House—a carefully worded telegram, cautioning Mrs. Standen against any undue fear.

"I have not waited for the worst," said the message, "but obey your son, who told me to summon you directly the case appeared serious. The case is serious, but by no means desperate. Come, and do not fear."

Within an hour of her receipt of that message Mrs. Standen was on her way to London—not alone. A faithful friend and companion accompanied her, and sustained her with words of hope—earnest words breathed from a heart that faith had armed against calamity.

Edmund's struggle for life was severe and protracted. His awaking from the long night of delirium was sweet, for in the nurse who watched beside his pillow he recognized the mother whose kind face had bent over his cot years ago in the Dean House nursery.

"I have known you all the time, mother." That was his first rational sentence. And, indeed, there had run through the tangled skein of his delirious dreams that one familiar thread, bright and clear through all. He had known that his mother watched him; he had known the hand that gave him his medicines, that administered the food he loathed, with tender insistence.

"But there was some one else, wasn't there, mother?" he asked, before that first day of convalescence was over. "I seem to have had two nurses."

"You have been carefully nursed, Edmund," replied Mrs. Standen, evasively.

"I am sure of that. But who was the other nurse? A Sister of Mercy, perhaps."

"Yes, Edmund, a sister of mercy."

"Has she gone away?"

"Yes, she left last night."

"Curious. I should like to have seen her face, now that I have recovered my wits, and to have thanked her."

"I have thanked her for you, Edmund."

"Well, I suppose that will do. I have you with me, mother, that is enough. Do you remember that letter in which you told me that you had done with me—that I was no longer your son?"

"Never speak of that dreadful time, Edmund. You see what a mother's anger means. In your hour of danger she is by your side. Oh, my dear son, I thank God that your heart was not quite turned from me. You told the doctor to send for me. You could not die without forgiving me."

"Forgiving you, mother! Am not I the offender?"

"No, Edmund, no. I had no right to be so angry with you. There should be no limit to a mother's forbearance."

"But I tried your patience too much by my folly. It is all over now"—with a sigh. "I shall never need your forbearance again in that way."

Two or three days after, when the invalid was able to sit up in bed, propped by pillows, Mrs. Standen and her son began to talk of the future. It was Edmund who started the subject. The mother would have feared to touch upon any question that might pain her son, newly snatched from the jaws of death.

"Shall you want me to go back to Dean House yet awhile, mother?" he asked, dutifully. "I mean to obey you in all things henceforward. I have no one else to live for, no one else to think of. You are all the world to me again—the one perfect woman in the world—as you used to be when I was a boy."

"Would you like to go back, Edmund?"

He shuddered at the question.

"Honestly, no, mother. The old scenes would be hateful. But I don't want to be separated from you, and yet it seems a hard thing to ask such a home-loving mother as you to join my wanderings."

"I can have no home without you, Edmund. I am ready to go with you wherever you like. I am a sturdy old woman, you know, and shall not give you much trouble with ill health, or vapors, or any thing of that kind; and, little as I have traveled, I don't think I shall make a very bad traveler, if I can only get accustomed to the sea," added Mrs. Standen, with a wry face.

"You dear lion-hearted mother, I will take care that our wanderings are made easy for you. I did think of wintering in Algiers—a splendid climate, interesting scenery." Mrs. Standen shivered involuntarily. "But if you will be my companion I'll abandon all idea of Africa." Mrs. Standen breathed more freely. Africa, to her mind, meant wastes of torrid sand, and grim yelping blackamoors dancing round the helpless traveler, a circle of ferocious murderers. "What would you say to our wintering in Rome or Florence?"

Mrs. Standen brightened visibly, and kissed her son's wasted hand.

"I think I should like Florence best, dear," she said; "I've heard there are plenty of nice English people there."

"Yes," answered Edmund; "and when English people travel, their chief delight seems to be to meet with other English people. They would like the Continent extremely well if they could exterminate the natives, and convert the more agreeable half of Europe into one large Brighton."

Edmund's convalescence was rapid, a fact which the doctor attributed to Mrs. Standen's nursing even more than to his own skill. As soon as he was strong enough to bear the journey, mother and son went on to Nice. Thence, after a fortnight's sojourn, to Geneva, and thence, late in November, to Florence. That tranquil close of the declining year was a time of sorrowful thoughts for Edmund, but not of despair. All his old boyish love for his mother came back to him in their reunion. He was pleased with her delight in the scenes they beheld together; pleased by her keen interest in simple things, and all those glimpses of village life and unsophisticated nature which their travels afforded them. Neither spoke of the past, or speculated upon the future. For the mother the sweetness of the present was all-sufficient. She had her son once more hers, and hers only, and she was content to leave the future to Providence.

"I will never try to rule his life again," she thought. "I was too anxious that he should marry Esther, and see what came of it! Misery for both of them. It is enough for me to have him for my own once again, and to be sure of his affection. The happiness I desire for him will come sooner or later."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ONE summer evening, during a visit to Salem, the late Mr. Peabody was sitting alone by an open parlor window. The room within was lighted, the street without was dark, so that while his form was plainly recognizable by any body passing, he could not see what passed. A party of young men stopped in front of the house, and began to call for "Peabody!" "Peabody!" "George Peabody!" Supposing, very naturally, that the townsmen wished to pay their respects and hear a speech, he came forward, when a voice rose out of the darkness, "Say, Peabody, give us a thousand dollars." Mr. Peabody shut the window very suddenly, and did not make a speech.

A shoe-maker out West, with a literary turn of mind, has the following poetical gem attached to his shingle:

"Here lives a man who never refuses
To mend all sorts of boots and shoeses."

Can a lamp be said to be in a bad temper when it is put out?

The difference between perseverance and obstinacy is that one often comes from a strong will, and the other from a strong won't.

Two Irishmen were in prison—one for stealing a cow, and the other for stealing a watch. "Hullo, Mike, an' sure what o'clock is it?" said the cow stealer. "In troth," said the watch stealer, "I've no time-piece handy, but suppose it's jist about milkin' time."

"Dwellers in crystal palaces should refrain from the propulsion of irregularly shaped particles of granite formation," is the way in which a California editor puts the English proverb about stones and glass houses.

Most kinds of roots and barks are now used as medicines, except the cube root and the bark of a dog.

Hood called the slamming of a door by a person in a passion a "wooden oath."

"A revolving fragment of the paleozoic age collects no cryptogamous vegetation," is a new translation of a popular proverb.

A man can not wait for his dinner without losing his temper, but see with what angelic sweetness a woman bears the trial! Has the woman more patience? Not a bit—only she has lunched, and the man has not.

"Why are doctors called physicians, mamma?" said an inquisitive little girl to her mother, who had just been visited by one of them. "Physician," replied mamma, who was seldom at a loss for an answer, "comes from *fee-seek*, as the doctor rides about all day seeking fees."

What is invariably the beginning of love?—The letter L.

An inebriate got into a car in Boston, and became so annoying to the passengers that it was proposed to eject him; but a kind-hearted reverend doctor interposed for him, and soothed him into good behavior for the remainder of the journey. Before leaving, however, he scowled upon the occupants of the car, and muttered some words of contempt, but shook hands warmly with the doctor, and said: "Good-day, my friend. I see you know what it is to be drunk."

What are the most unsociable things in the world?—Mile-stones. You never see two of them together.

"I should think these omnibus wheels would be fatigued after running all day," observed Sam. "Well, yes," replied Seth, taking a squint at them, "they do appear to be *tired*."

The precious lad who invented the following conundrum has had ice on his head for some days, and it is thought he will recover if kept quiet a week or so: "Why is an elephant unlike a tree?—Because a tree leaves in the spring, and the elephant leaves when the menagerie does."

Charles Lamb, when speaking of one of his rides on horseback, remarked that "all at once his horse stopped, but he kept right on."

A man without learning,
And wearing good clothes,
Is like a gold ring
In a guinea-pig's nose.

The Danbury philosopher observes that the placidity of expression worn by a man who is "next" in a full barber's shop can not be counterfeited.

THE LARGEST ROOM IN THE WORLD—The room for improvement.

Naturalists claim that the crow is one of the bravest of birds, because it never shows the white feather.

If thine enemy wrong thee, buy each of his children a drum.

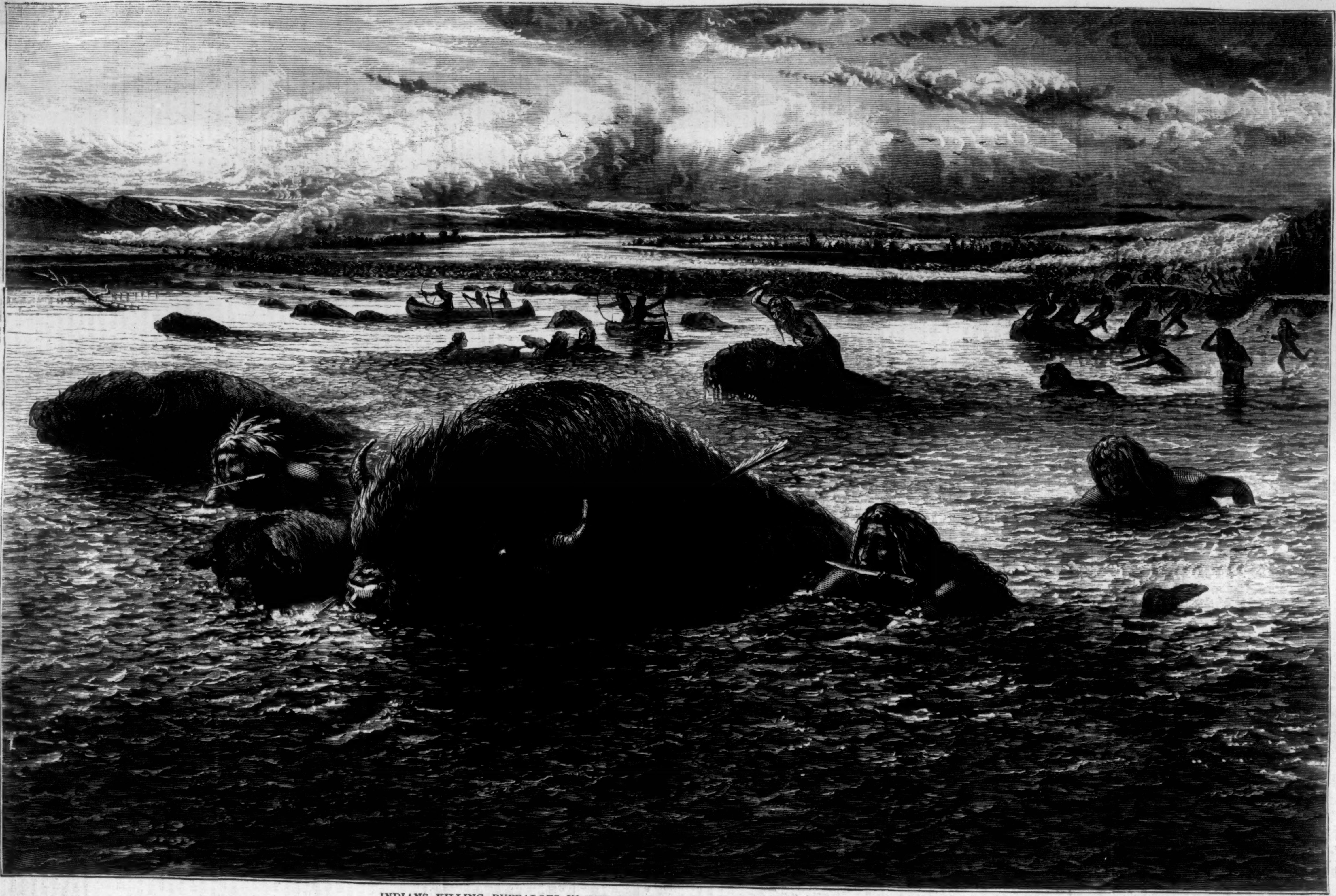
"Dried tongue," is the answer which a minister, just going out to "exchange," gave some one who asked him what he had in his carpet-bag—which contained seven sermons.

In the window of a grocery store in Providence, almost under the shadow of a splendid new school-house, is the following placard: "Eges 25 Adussen—Carosene 6 centes a pinte."

Advertising for a wife is about as absurd as to get measured for an umbrella.

It may be true that "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," but it would be a queer head that didn't lie still more uneasily without one.

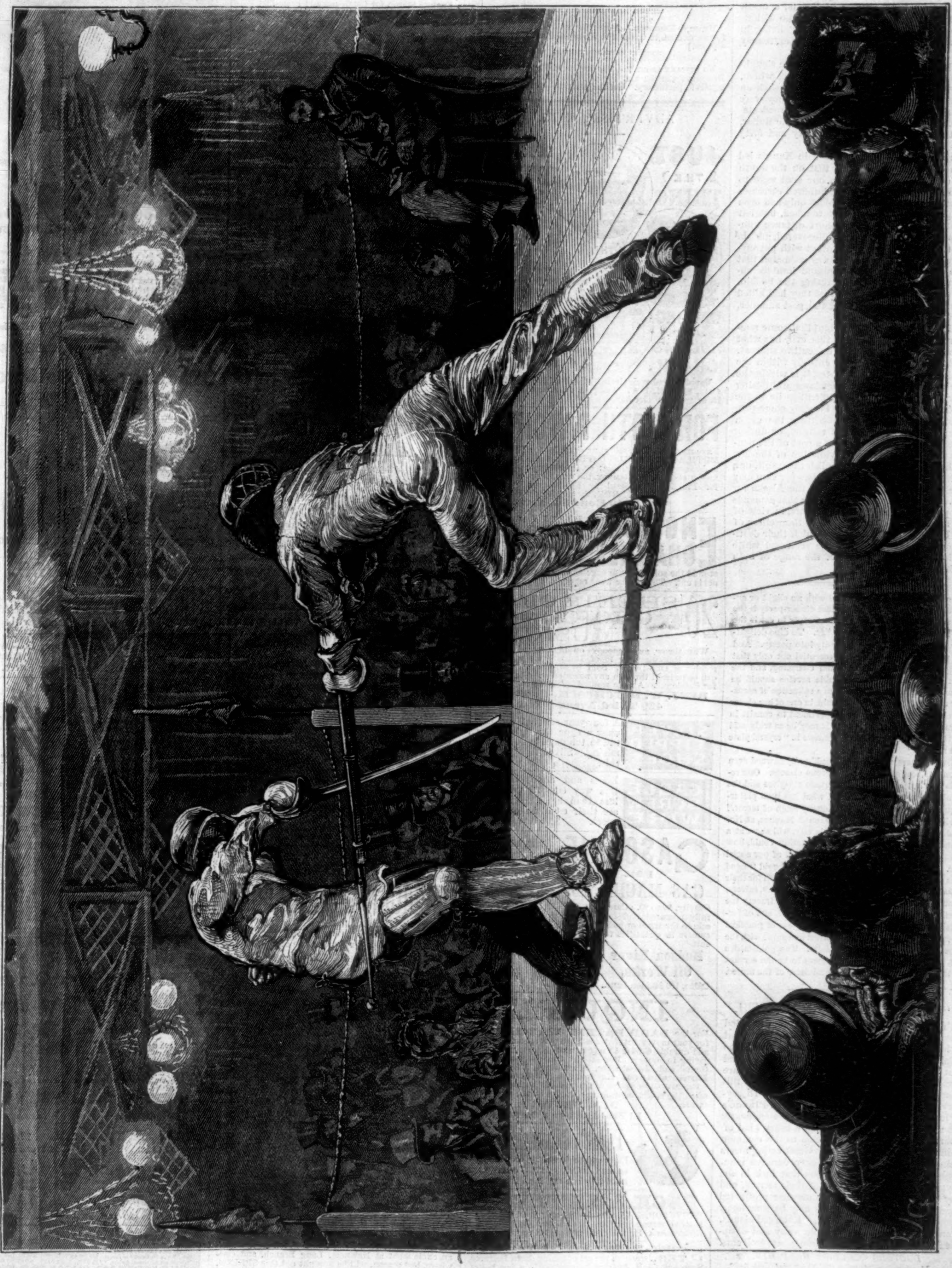
James the First of England and Sixth of Scotland was, as every one knows, not remarkable for vigor and steadiness. Having heard of a famous preacher who was very witty in his sermons, and peculiarly so in his choice of texts, he ordered this clergyman to preach before him. With all suitable gravity the learned divine gave out his text in the following: "James first and sixth, in the latter part of the verse: 'He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.'"



INDIANS KILLING BUFFALOES IN THE MISSOURI RIVER.—Drawn by W. M. Cary.—[See Page 421.]

SWORD *VERSUS* BAYONET.

The question whether the bayonet or the sword is the better weapon in the hands of a soldier is one which still remains undecided, although military authorities are inclined to award the palm to the latter. To non-military persons it would seem to be the more handy weapon, and, wielded by a skillful swordsman, would probably, as a rule, be at least a match for the heavier bayonet, although the latter, by reason of its length and weight, forms a very formidable weapon in hands accustomed to its use. The illustration on this page shows an animated trial of skill between two proficients in the use of these weapons, witnessed by a throng of interested spectators.



AN ASSAULT AT ARMS—SWORD *VERSUS* BAYONET.

BUFFALO HUNT IN THE MISSOURI.

The artist to whose pencil our readers are indebted for the striking picture on the opposite page thus describes the scene he has depicted: "It was toward evening of a sultry July day, when the inmates of a little frontier fort on the Missouri perceived a dark cloud of dust rising miles away, which gradually grew so vast and dense as to obscure the view of the distant hills. Soon a sort of low humming sound was heard, at first like that of a hive of bees, rapidly increasing in volume to a rumble like that of heavy thunder. In a short time a herd of buffalo came in sight, rushing at full speed toward the river, and making the ground tremble as if from the shock of an earthquake. On reaching the river-bank the foremost plunged boldly in, followed by the rest of the band, and swam stoutly for the opposite shore. Now was the opportunity of the garrison to lay in a stock of fresh meat. A band of friendly Indians, who had come to the fort for protection against a hostile war party, were the first to commence the sport. While some, armed with bow and arrows, were shooting the buffaloes, others lay in wait on the opposite bank to dispatch the wounded, while others still swam boldly into the midst of the herd and dispatched their victims with the knife. The moment a buffalo was struck, the creature was towed ashore by the tail, as it would sink if left to itself in the water.

"Our illustration shows a boat and canoe assisting in the work, while in the foreground is a splendid old bull trying to escape, and at the same time protecting a young calf that has lost its mother. By this time many of the herd have reached the opposite shore, and have commenced their rapid flight across the great plains. The Indians, sated with slaughter, proceed to cut up the bodies of the slain on the bank nearest the fort. By the time darkness comes on numerous fires give indications of preparations for a grand feast, while the garrison takes its share of the spoils within the walls of the fort.

"Next morning all is still again. The cloud of dust has disappeared with the flying herd, and the monotonous round of camp life on the frontier again begins."

We have several times referred to the enormous destruction of buffaloes on the Western plains, which has undergone no diminution during the past winter. There is every reason to fear that, should this continue a few years longer, the animal will become as scarce as is its European congener at the present day. Notwithstanding the countless herds of bisons that covered the plains of Central Europe in the time of CÆSAR and subsequently, it is stated that all that are now living in Europe consist of a herd of less than fifty in Lithuania, where they are carefully preserved by the Emperor of Russia, a death penalty being executed upon those who willfully molest them. A few are also still living in the Caucasus, but even there they are extremely rare.

At present thousands of buffaloes are slaughtered every day for their hides alone, which, however, have glutted the market to such an extent that whereas a few years ago they were worth three dollars apiece at the railroad stations, skins of bulls now bring but one dollar, and those of cows and calves sixty and forty cents respectively.

A recent surveying expedition in Kansas led to the discovery of the fact that on the south fork of the Republican upon one spot were to be counted six thousand five hundred carcasses of buffaloes, from which the hides only had been stripped. The meat was not touched, but left to rot on the plains. At a short distance hundreds more of carcasses were discovered, and, in fact, the whole plains were dotted with putrefying remains of buffaloes. It was estimated that there were at least two thousand hunters encamped along the plains hunting the buffalo. One party of sixteen stated that they had killed twenty-eight hundred during the past summer, the hides only being utilized.

It is, of course, very important that some remedy should be provided for this evil, but what will answer the purpose it is difficult to suggest. As these animals are almost entirely within the Territories of the United States, it is within the province of Congress to enact laws prohibiting their destruction, but the difficulties lie in the matter of enforcing them. Possibly some provision for seizing and confiscating the green hides along certain lines of railway, or during certain seasons of the year, as a part of the penalty to be attached to the violation of the law on the subject, might accomplish the result, or a revenue tariff of one or two dollars per skin may be established, as in the case of the Alaska fur seal. At any rate, the subject is one that demands the prompt attention of legislators, in view of the relationship of this animal to the welfare of the Indians, and the reaction which their destitution will produce upon the scattered white settlements in the vicinity of the range of both buffaloes and Indians.

A GREAT author has said—and with no slight or superficial meaning—that "A perfect dinner-party is the highest product of civilization." Simply to eat is the first law of necessity of savage life. To dine delightfully is to sublimate that necessity into poetry. And to a perfect dinner-party, it is essential not only that the guests should be refined and charming, and the cook an artist, but that the table service should be something more, and better, than a collection of necessary utensils. Madame de Girardin, in one of her clever novels, defines the life of an apartment to consist in "fires, mirrors, and carpets." It may be as truly said that the life of a dinner-table consists in "crystal plate and flowers."

Twenty years ago this truth had hardly dawned even upon our best and most prosperous classes. One recalls now with a shudder the square cut-glass and the cumbrous unmeaning silver of what has been picturesquely described as "the mahogany reign of terror." A visit to the warerooms of STARR & MARCUS, at No. 22 John Street (up stairs), in this city, will show at a glance, better than pages of dissertation could, how great a change has come over the spirit of our social life. There the reader will see silver and gold treated less for their once vulgar value as metals than for their capability as artistic materials. Vases, pitchers, salvers, urns are made not only to mimic in their tracery the fleeting perfections of the world of flowers, and of forests growths, but (thanks to the progress of practical chemistry!) to glow with the softest and shine with the most brilliant hues of the palette. The goldsmith's art, prosecuted in this spirit, ceases to be the servant of mere luxury, and becomes a minister of the muses. —[*Com.*]

"HOUSEKEEPER" OF HEALTH.

The liver, being the great depurating or blood cleansing organ of the system—set this great "housekeeper of our health" at work, and the foul corruptions which gender in the blood, and rot out, as it were, the machinery of life, are gradually expelled from the system. For this purpose Dr. PIERCE's Golden Medical Discovery, with very small daily doses of Dr. PIERCE's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, are pre-eminently the articles needed. They cure every kind of humor, from the worst scrofula to the common pimple, blotch, or eruption. Great eating ulcers kindly heal under their mighty curative influence. Virulent blood poisons that lurk in the system are by them robbed of their terrors, and by their persevering and somewhat protracted use the most tainted systems may be completely renovated and built up anew. Enlarged glands, tumors, and swellings dwindle away and disappear under the influence of these great resolvents.

DOCTORS COULDN'T HELP HIM.

MEIGSVILLE, Morgan Co., O., *March 24th*, 1872.

Dear Dr. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.:

When I was 12 or 15 years of age I took what is called King's Evil, and by constant doctoring it would heal in one place and break out in another. It also broke out in my left ear. I first found your name in the *Christian Advocate*, and sent ten miles for the first bottle, which did me more good than all other medicines I ever used. I am 28 years old, and doctored with five doctors, and not one of them helped me so much as your bottle of Discovery. I have got well and able to do a good day's work.

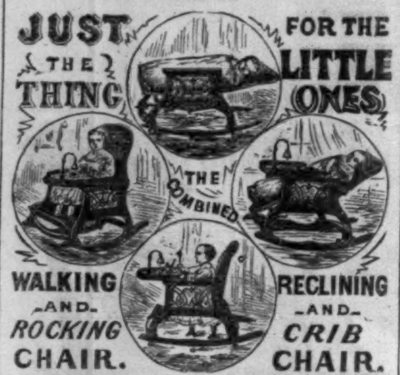
JOHN A. WILSON.

KILL DANDRUFF, KEEP THE SCALP CLEAN, and the hair in beautiful condition by the use of The Phalon Hair Invigorator. *There is nothing like it.* Beware of substitutes. MORSE MANUFACTURING Co., No. 9 Gold Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

HEARING RESTORED.—A great invention. Send stamp for particulars to GEORGE J. WOOD, Madison, Indiana. —[*Com.*]

NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT.—The Improved Phalon NIGHT BLOOMING CEREUS and Phalon White Rose have no equals in perfumery. Get the genuine.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.



Manufactured exclusively by the **ERIE CHAIR CO., ERIE, PA.** Ask your Furniture Dealer for it, or send for Circular.

FOR MOTH PATCHES,

FRECKLES, AND TAN, ask your druggist for PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, which is harmless, and in every case infallible; or, for his Improved COMEDONE and PIMPLE REMEDY, the great SKIN MEDICINE for Pimples, Blackhead or Fleshworms. Consult B. C. PERRY, the noted Skin Doctor,
49 Bond St., New York.

ENGLISH CHANNEL PRETTY WOMEN always like a neat foot, and buy nothing but ENGLISH CHANNEL Shoes. Ask your dealer for them. A dark line around the sole near the edge shows where the channel is cut. They never wear ragged.

20 SHEETS OF CHOICE MUSIC, $1

Why throw away money on high-priced Music? Any 20 Half-Dime, or 10 of Dime Series, mailed on receipt of One Dollar. Sold by all booksellers, and can be ordered through any newsdealer. Send stamp for Catalogue. Agents wanted. Address
BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK, Publisher,
439 Third Avenue, New York.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES A four-year-old that can not wear a shoe through at the toe in ten days is not worth raising. Silver Tips prevent this.

CABLE SCREW WIRE Boots and Shoes made in this way cost 20 per cent. less than hand sewed, and are their equal in every respect.

GASOLINE FOR GAS MACHINES.

GASLIGHT FOR COUNTRY RESIDENCES

Gravity, 80 to 90. Carefully prepared and for sale to the trade or consumers in quantities to suit.
Hudson River Oil Works,
Office, 120 Maiden Lane.

INQUIRE

For the **LADD PATENT WATCH-CASE** for your movement if you want to purchase an elegant and durable **Gold Watch**, and make a handsome saving in money. For sale by Dealers generally, in Gents' and Ladies' sizes, **Mansard, Flat, and Dome shapes.** Key and Stem Winders.

Circulars descriptive of the manufacturing process, advantages, &c., sent on application to the manufacturers,
J. A. BROWN & CO.,
11 Maiden Lane, New York.

Pollak's Meerschaums.

Pipes and holders cut to order, repaired, and boiled. 27 John St. Send for circular. P. O. Box 5009.

PECK & SNYDER'S

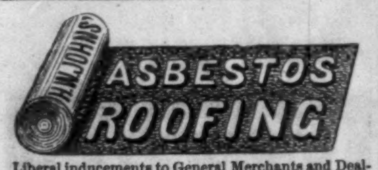
ENCYCLOPÆDIA of Base-Ball and all OUT and INDOOR Sports and Games. *One hundred and fifty colored Illustrations.* Price 10c. Address 126 Nassau St., N. Y.

SHORT-HAND WITHOUT A MASTER, by which the art of taking down Lectures, Speeches, trials, &c. may be attained in a few hours. Sent, postpaid, for 25 cents, by HAPPY HOURS COMPANY, No. 1 Chambers Street, New York.

WATCHES suitable for speculative purposes. Send for price-list to Lionel Jacobs, 8 Astor House, N.Y.

A **REAL GENTLEMAN** may see himself in the May Number *Phrenological Journal.* Also, How to Govern and Train a Child; A Study of Faces, &c. Only 30c., or $3 a year; with either of *Harper's*, $5. Address S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

GEO. W. READ & CO.,
STEAM-BAND SAW AND VENEER-CUTTING MILL,
186 to 200 LEWIS ST., foot 5th & 6th Sts., E. R., N. Y.
Always on hand FULL STOCK of SEASONED
HARD-WOOD LUMBER
AND CHOICE FIGURED VENEERS.
The LARGEST STOCK! The GREATEST VARIETY! The Lowest Prices!
☞ Enclose Stamp for Catalogue and Price-List. Orders by mail promptly and faithfully executed.



Liberal inducements to General Merchants and Dealers. Send for Descriptive Pamphlets, Price-Lists, &c.
H. W. JOHNS, 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Patentee and Sole Manufacturer. ESTABLISHED 1858.

SCHUBERTH & CO.,
(ESTABLISHED A.D. 1850),
CARL HEUSER, SUCCESSOR,
PUBLISHER & IMPORTER OF **MUSIC**
Formerly at 820 BROADWAY,
Has Removed, since May 1st, to
841 BROADWAY, & 59 E. 13th ST.

No Cords or Balances Used. FOR SALE BY UPHOLSTERERS.

HARTSHORN'S SELF ACTING SHADE ROLLERS.
PAT. OCT. 11th '64.

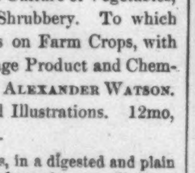
486 Broadway, Cor. Broome St., N.Y. City

MODELS and TERMS SENT TO THE TRADE.

EAT TO LIVE.—Send stamp to F. E. SMITH & Co., Atlantic Mills, Brooklyn, N. Y., Manufacturers of the **Crushed White Wheat,** for their Pamphlet on **Foods,** with important extracts from LIEBIG, JOHNSON, and other scientists. Read it, and save your **health** and **money.**

PARASOLS
Elegant Goods! Novel Styles!!
MILLER, MANUFACTURER,
6th Ave., cor. 22d St. 1125 Broadway, bet. 25th & 26th Sts.
REPAIRING AND COVERING.

Lovejoy's New Style
GLASS CUTTER
AND PUTTY KNIFE



Cuts glass better than a diamond. Everybody should have one. Any child can use it. Sent to your address on receipt of 50 cents and stamp by
ALVAN L. LOVEJOY
229 Washington St.,
Boston, - - - Mass.

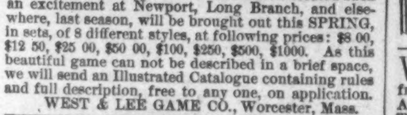
WATSON'S
AMERICAN HOME GARDEN.

AMERICAN HOME GARDEN: being Principles and Rules for the Culture of Vegetables, Fruits, Flowers, and Shrubbery. To which are added Brief Notes on Farm Crops, with a Table of their Average Product and Chemical Constituents. By ALEXANDER WATSON. With Several Hundred Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

"The author here presents, in a digested and plain form, such directions and information as will, if applied, enable every one who has a garden to supply the home-table with its pleasant and healthful products at the least possible outlay of labor and expense, and add choice fruits and flowers to the family stock."

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

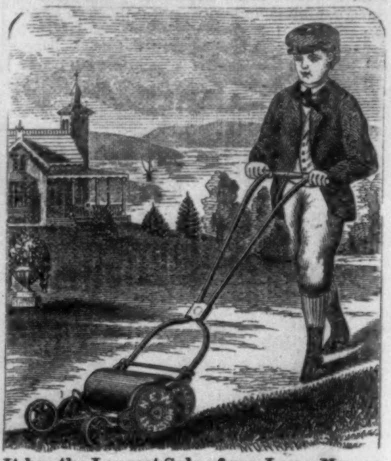
☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*



That splendid New Field Game which created such an excitement at Newport, Long Branch, and elsewhere, last season, will be brought out this SPRING, in sets, of 8 different styles, at following prices: $8 00, $12 50, $25 00, $50 00, $100, $250, $500, $1000. As this beautiful game can not be described in a brief space, we will send an Illustrated Catalogue containing rules and full description, free to any one, on application.
WEST & LEE GAME CO., Worcester, Mass.

WANTED.—A case of either Diabetes, Gravel, Inflammation of Kidneys and Bladder, or Brick Dust Deposit, that "Constitution Water" will not cure: P. O. Box 1568, N. Y.

THE NEW
EXCELSIOR LAWN MOWER,
GREATLY IMPROVED FOR 1874.

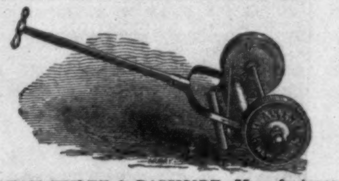


It has the Largest Sale of any Lawn Mower in the World!

It has been adopted, and can be seen in practical operation on **Central Park,** and all the other **City Parks, New York; Government Grounds and City Parks, Washington; Boston Common, Boston; Prospect Park, Brooklyn;** and on almost every prominent Park throughout the **United States and Canada.**

Four sizes for hand-power; four sizes for horse-power. Prices from **$15** to **$200.**

EVERY MACHINE WARRANTED.
Address,
Chadborn & Coldwell
Manufacturing Company,
Newburgh, N. Y.

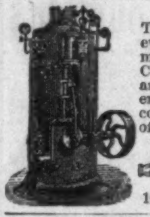


GRAHAM EMLEN & PASSMORE, Manufacturers,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SALES 15,000.

Victorious in all field contests in America, England, France, and Germany. Try one of our 37 lbs. or 41 lbs. **PHILADELPHIA LAWN MOWERS** with any other, and buy the best. Agents for New York and vicinity: **R. H. ALLEN & CO.,** 189 & 191 Water St. Agents for Boston and vicinity: **JOSEPH BRECK & SONS,** 51 & 52 North Market Street.

FRENCH CHINA.
BAWO & DOTTER,
IMPORTERS,
Are selling elegant Dinner, Tea, and Dessert Sets, Toilet Sets, Paris Clocks and Bronzes, Parian Marble Statuary, Table and Fancy Glassware, &c., &c.,
At Greatly Reduced Prices.
30 & 32 BARCLAY ST., NEW YORK.
Branch House Limoges, France.



Bookwalter Engine.

The lowest-priced good Engine ever constructed; Boiler & Engine made of the best Charcoal Iron. Compact, substantial, economical, and easily-managed; Boiler, Governor, Pump, and all Trimmings complete for running at low price of (boxing excepted):

3	Horse Power	$250 00
4½	" "	300 00

☞ Delivered on Cars at Shops.
FOOSE & JAYNE,
109 LIBERTY STREET, NEW YORK.

250,000 COPIES SOLD OF
Richardson's New Method
FOR THE PIANO-FORTE!!

This, the par excellence of all Piano Methods, maintains the front rank, and its sale eclipses that of all others—Foreign or American—combined. The publishers claim its annual sale of 25,000 copies is indisputable proof of positive and intrinsic merit, and its success is no mystery, but due to thorough excellence in all its departments—rudimental and instructive; to its valuable exercises as well as its charming recreations.

A new edition just issued contains "Schumann's Maxims" and the famous "Czerny's Letters on the Art of Playing the Piano." "Richardson's New Method," thus contains over 260 pages full music size, and is justly claimed to be the best Piano Method extant. *Price $3.75.*

PUBLISHED BY
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.
CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., 711 Broadway, N. Y.

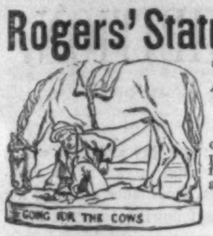
"EDEOGRAPHY," A new book on the art of Writing by Sound; a complete system of Phonetic Short Hand—the shortest, most simple, easy, and comprehensive, enabling any one, in a short time, to report trials, speeches, sermons, &c. The Lord's Prayer is written with forty-nine strokes of the pen, and 140 words per minute. The unemployed should learn this art. Price, by mail, 50 cts. Agents wanted. Address T. W. EVANS & CO., 139 S. Seventh Street, Phila., Pa.

TRAVELING IN CARS MADE DELIGHTFUL. COLDS AND SORE EYES PREVENTED BY USING THE NEW DUST SHIELD AND VENTILATOR for Car Windows; keeps out all DUST, CINDERS, &c., prevents COUNTER-CURRENT OF AIR; is NEAT; fits Satchel or Pocket. WARRANTED. TOURISTS, Ladies or Invalids should not be without it. Price, 75 CTS. POSTPAID. Agents wanted. **HALE, KILBURN & CO. 48 & 50 N. 6th St. Phila. Pa.**

WONDERFUL SECRETS!—How to force the beard and hair to grow; the hair to curl; to eradicate freckles; thirteen wonders; and a "Great Curiosity." All gratis. Send two Post-Office stamps. Address THE CURIOSITY CO., 808 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE HOLDER CONTAINS THE INK.
HAWKES' PATENT FOUNTAIN PEN SAVES 1-3 TIME. HOLDER FITS ANY PEN. THE ORIGINAL & ONLY MAKER OF THIS PEN. BY MAIL 30c. SEND STAMP FOR CIRCULARS. GEO. F. HAWKES, 66 NASSAU ST. N.Y.

Rogers' Statuary FOR HOUSE AND LAWN.



"Going for the Cows,"
A new design, price $10.

"Bubbles,"
A life-size figure of a child blowing bubbles, price $35. Inclose stamp for illustrated catalogue and price-list. Address
JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

Cut Paper Patterns
OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
IN
HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. Printed Directions accompany each Pattern. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. VI.

DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT	No. 7
TIGHT BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 11
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)	" 13
SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT	" 15
CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 17
LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 23
GABRIELLE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT.	" 24
BLOUSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 28
LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING OR GYMNASTIC SUIT	" 30
PLEATED WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 32
DOUBLE-BREASTED JOCKEY BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 32
ENGLISH WALKING JACKET SUIT	" 39
DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT, with Basque Back and Square Front	" 43
TIGHT-FITTING DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE, with French Round Skirt	" 45
SINGLE-BREASTED BASQUINE, with Short Pouf Walking Skirt	" 47
DOUBLE-BREASTED PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron Front and Square Back Over-skirt and Long Walking Skirt	" 47
DOLMAN DEMI-TRAINED SUIT	" 48
WATER-PROOF CLOAK, with Cape and Sleeves	" 50
TIGHT-FITTING SINGLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE HOUSE DRESS	" 50
BOY'S WARDROBE, Sack Overcoat with Cape, Jacket, Vest, Knee Pantaloons, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 52

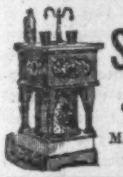
Vol. VII.

YOUTH'S WARDROBE, Sack Overcoat, Double-Breasted English Walking Coat, Double-Breasted Vest, and Suspender Pantaloons (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 1
ENGLISH BASQUE, LONG OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 11
HENRI TROIS POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 13
HENRI TROIS BASQUE, with Greek Over-skirt and French Round Skirt	" 15
MEDICIS SACQUE, with Demi Over-skirt and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 17
MEDICIS BASQUE, with Apron Front Over-Skirt and Long Walking Skirt	" 19
VALOIS DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 21

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

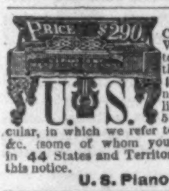
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.



PORTABLE
Soda Fountains
$40, $50, $75, & $100.
GOOD, DURABLE, AND CHEAP.
Shipped Ready for Use.
Manufactured by J. W. CHAPMAN & CO., Madison, Ind.
☞ Send for a Catalogue.

EVERY BODY'S OWN PHYSICIAN,

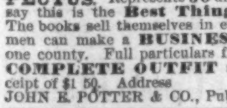
By C. W. Gleason, M. D. A useful and elegant volume of 480 pages; over 250 engravings. Price low. One agent sold 27 in one day. Agents wanted. Terms liberal. H. N. McKINNEY & CO., 725 Sansom St., Phila.



You ask WHY we can sell First Class 7 Octave Pianos for **$290?** We answer—It costs less than **$300** to make any **$600** Piano sold through Agents, all of whom make **100 per ct.** profit. We have no Agents, but ship direct to families at Factory price, and warrant 5 Years. Send for illustrated circular, in which we refer to over **500** Bankers, Merchants, &c. (some of whom you may know), using our Pianos, in **44** States and Territories. Please state where you saw this notice.

U. S. Piano Co., 810 Broadway, N. Y.

$10 A DAY MADE with our **Grand COMBINATION PROSPECTUS.** Represents **50** different books. Agents say this is the **Best Thing Ever Tried!!!** The books sell themselves in every family, and good men can make a **BUSINESS FOR LIFE** in one county. Full particulars free on application, or **COMPLETE OUTFIT** sent, postpaid, on receipt of $1 50. Address
JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.



W. L. HAYDEN, Teacher of Guitar and Flute. Agent for *Tilton's Patent Guitars*, the best in use. Dealer in Musical Instruments, Music and Strings. Catalogues free.
120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS, SEND FOR CIRCULAR AND TERMS!
WILD LIFE IN THE FAR WEST!
30 years' adventures with Indians, Trappers, &c., on the border and in Mexico. Interesting and instructive. WILEY, WATERMAN, & EATON, Hartford, Conn.

$87 a week. Agents wanted. Business legitimate. A. BROOMHALL, Muscatine, Iowa.

EVERY LADY SHOULD HAVE A SET OF
GOODRICH'S "SPRING" TEMPERED HEMMERS
Consisting of Four Widths and a Dress Binder. Sent by Mail on Receipt of Price.
For Sale by all Sewing Machine Agents. ☞ *Price, Only One Dollar.* ☜ } **H. C. GOODRICH,** { 205 State Street, CHICAGO, ILL. 103 N. 10th St., PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Inventor of The Goodrich Tuck Marker.

Imitation Gold Watches, Chains and Jewelry.

This metal has all the brilliancy and durability of Gold. Prices, $15, $20 and $25 each. Ladies', Gents' and Boys' sizes. Patent Levers, Hunting Cases and Chronometer Balance, equal in appearance and for time to Gold Watches. Chains from $2 to $12 each. All the latest styles of jewelry at one-tenth the cost of Gold. Goods sent C. O. D. by express; by ordering six you get one free. Send postal order and we will send the goods free of expense. Send stamp for our Illustrated Circular. Address, **COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, New York City.**

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures by its mild, soothing and healing properties, to which the disease yields, when Remedy is used **warm** and system put in perfect order by the wonderful **alterative** power of **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,** taken earnestly, to correct blood and system, which are always at fault, also to act specifically upon diseased glands and lining membrane of nose and communicating chambers. Catarrh Remedy should be applied **warm** with **Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche,** the only instrument with which fluid medicine can be *perfectly* applied to all parts of passages and chambers in which ulcers exist and from which discharge proceeds. So successful has this treatment proven, that the proprietor offers **$500 Reward** for a case of "*Cold in Head*" or *Catarrh* he can not cure. The two medicines with instrument **$2,** by all druggists.

HARPER'S
GUIDE TO EUROPE.

Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East: being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Spain, Russia, Denmark, and Sweden. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE. With Maps and Plans of Cities. Twelfth Year (1873). Large 12mo, Leather Tucks, $5 00.

This edition of this popular Hand-Book of Travel contains the following maps and plans of cities, etc.: The Alhambra; Ancona; Antwerp; Atlantic Steamers, Routes and Distances; Augsburg; Austria; Belfast; Berlin; Bologna; Bonn; Bordeaux; Brussels; Cairo and the Pyramids; Carlsruhe; Coblenz; Cologne; Cork; Dresden; Dublin; Edinburgh; Egypt and Northern Nubia; General Map of Europe; Ferrara; Florence; The Uffizi Gallery, Florence; France; Frankfort; Genoa; Germany; Glasgow; Northern Part of Great Britain; Southern Part of Great Britain; Great Western Railway, Liverpool to London; Greece and the Ionian Islands; Hamburg; Ireland; Italy; Jerusalem; Plan of the Holy Sepulchre, Jerusalem; Lakes of Killarney; English Lakes; Plan of London; Environs of London; Madrid; Mantua; Marseilles; Mayence; The Mediterranean and Coasts; Metz; Milan; The Moselle, from Coblenz to Trèves; Munich; Naples; Museo Nationale, Naples; Environs of Naples; Nice; Nuremberg; Palermo; Palestine; Paris; Plan of Paris; Environs of Paris; Pesth and Ofen; Pisa; Pompeii; The Emperor's Garden, Potsdam; Prague; The Rhine, from Basle to Baden; The Rhine, from Baden to Coblenz; The Rhine, from Coblenz to Düsseldorf; Modern Rome; The Forum, Rome; Ancient Rome; The Vatican, Rome; Russia; St. Petersburg; Spain; Stockholm; Strasbourg; Sweden; Switzerland; Thebes; Trieste; Turin; Turkey in Asia; Turkey in Europe; Venice; Verona; Versailles; Vienna; Wales.

I have received and examined with lively interest the new and extended edition of your extremely valuable "Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East." You have evidently spared no time or pains in consolidating the results of your wide travel, your great experience. You succeed in presenting to the traveller the most valuable guide and friend with which I have the good fortune to be acquainted. With the warmest thanks, I beg you to receive the most cordial congratulations of yours, very faithfully, JOHN MEREDITH READ, JR., *United States Minister at Greece.*

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

20th THOUSAND IN PRESS.—Agents Wanted for

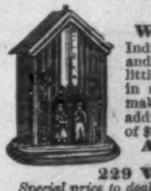
LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
Kit Carson

by his friend, Lieut.-Col. Peters, U. S. Army, from facts dictated by Carson himself. The only authentic life ever published. Full of adventure and valuable historical information. 600 pages, finely illustrated. Send for illustrated circulars, containing complete particulars. Free to all. Address DUSTIN, GILMAN & CO., Hartford, Conn.

MURDER Will out! Truth Triumphant! Agents, old and young, male and female, make more money selling our French and American JEWELRY, BOOKS, AND GAMES than at any thing else. Greatest inducements to Agents and purchasers. Catalogues, Terms, and full particulars sent FREE to all.
Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

Novelty Depot. All the BEST, useful Novelties, Chromos, Pens, Stationery, &c. Agents Wanted. Catalogue free. PLUMB & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED.—Men or women. $34 a week or $100 forfeited. *Valuable samples free.* Write at once to F. M. REED, Eighth St., New York.



LOVEJOY'S METALLIC
WEATHER HOUSES
Indicate the changes in the weather, and are pretty mantel ornaments. The little lady appears in fair and the man in stormy weather, and they never make mistakes. Sent prepaid to any address, safely packed, upon receipt of $2 00 (Two), by
ALVAN L. LOVEJOY,
Proprietor & Manufacturer,
229 Washington St., Boston.
Special price to dealers.

A New Field for Agents!

Our agents each sell from 10 to 100 per day of the New Industrial Hundred Dollar Bank-Note Policies issued by the Missouri Valley Life Ins. Co. (CASH ASSETS, $1,000,000). $2 per year for $100 insurance. Canvassing outfit beautiful and complete, and includes a $100 Policy, which the agent can retain as insurance on his life, or can sell in five minutes. ☞ **Send $2 now for outfit and terms,** and with the money send age. Address H. H. HADLEY, Manager, 176 B'way, N. Y.

Agents! if you want to make money, sell

Out of The HURLY BURLY
By MAX ADELER

The biggest thing yet. HUMOR, WIT, PATHOS, LIFE, FUN, AND LAUGHTER. **350 Comic Cuts.** The people yearn for it. *It will sell in dull times.* Show it to a man and he surrenders. IT IS SURE EVERY TIME. *Don't bother with heavy books that nobody wants.* Humor is the thing that takes. AGENTS WANTED EVERY WHERE. Send for circulars and EXTRA TERMS to To-DAY Pub. Co., Philadelphia, New York, Boston, or Chicago.

Wanted. Agents are now wanted to canvass for two of the most desirable works ever offered to the public, viz.: **The CYCLOPÆDIA of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature,** by McCLINTOCK AND STRONG, five volumes of which are now ready. And the **Proceedings of the Sixth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance.** To experienced and successful Canvassers the Subscriber offers liberal inducements. ☞ For further particulars inquire of or address

Avery Bill,
Care Harper & Brothers, New York.

WANTED—AGENTS—$75 to $250 per month, everywhere, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $15. Fully Licensed and warranted for five years. We will pay $1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $250 per month and expenses, or a commission from which twice as much can be made. Address SECOMB & CO. Boston, Mass New York City, Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: postage payable by the Subscriber at the office where received.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: postage payable at the offices where received.*

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

$475 A MONTH and expenses to good canvassers Articles new and staple as flour. Samples free. DEAN & CO., New Bedford, Mass.

HARPER & BROTHERS' SPRING BOOK-LIST.

I.
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA, OREGON, AND THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. By CHARLES NORDHOFF, Author of "California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence," &c., &c. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50; Paper, $2 00.

II.
A FAST LIFE ON THE MODERN HIGHWAY; Being a Glance into the Railroad World from a New Point of View. By JOSEPH TAYLOR. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50; Paper, $1 00.

III.
THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION: Its Data, its Principles, its Speculations, and its Theistic Bearings. By ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D., Chancellor of Syracuse University, Author of "Sketches of Creation," "Geological Chart," Reports on the Geology and Physiography of Michigan, &c., &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

IV.
ANNUAL RECORD OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY FOR 1873. Prepared by Prof. SPENCER F. BAIRD, Assistant-Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. With the Assistance of some of the most Eminent Men of Science in the United States. Large 12mo, over 800 pages, Cloth, $2 00. (Uniform with the Annual Records for 1871 and 1872.) *The Three Volumes sent by mail, postage prepaid, on receipt of Five Dollars.*

V.
THE OFFICE AND DUTY OF A CHRISTIAN PASTOR. By STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D., Rector of St. George's Church in the City of New York. Published at the request of the Students and Faculty of the School of Theology in the Boston University. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

THE NEW NOVELS
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Benedict's John Worthington's Name. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

Victor Hugo's Ninety-Three. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75; 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

Talbot's Through Fire and Water. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

Colonel Dacre. By the Author of "Caste." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Bulwer's Parisians. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50; 8vo, Paper, $1 00.

Anthony Trollope's Phineas Redux. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 75.

The Blue Ribbon. By the Author of "St. Olave's," "Jeanie's Quiet Life," "Meta's Faith," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

"Ship Ahoy!" Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents.

Jeaffreson's Lottie Darling. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

Miss Braddon's Publicans and Sinners. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

Black's A Princess of Thule. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

Wilkie Collins's Novels. (Harper's Library Edition.) Now ready: The New Magdalen.—The Woman in White.—Poor Miss Finch.—Man and Wife.—The Dead Secret.—Basil.—Hide-and-Seek.—The Moonstone.—No Name.—Armadale. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 each. Other volumes will be issued shortly.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Six Cents in postage stamps.*

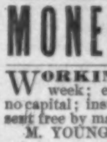
HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

Profitable Employment.

Work for Everybody. Good Wages. Permanent Employment. Men & Women wanted. Full particulars free. Address W. A. Henderson & Co., Cleveland, O., or St. Louis, Mo

---

5000 AGENTS WANTED. Samples sent free by mail. Two new articles, salable as flour. Address N. H. WHITE, Newark, New Jersey.



PRINTING.
SELF-INKING PEARL PRESS
New and valuable invention. Every business man should have one. Presses and Outfits from $10 upwards. Send stamp for Catalogue of Presses, Type, Cuts, &c. ***Golding & Co., 14 Kilby St., Boston.***

MONEY. How to make Money honorably, easily, and surely. 16 pages and valuable samples free. Address HEATH & TAYLOR, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WORKING CLASS, Male or Female, $30 a week; employment at home, day or evening; no capital; instructions and valuable package of goods sent free by mail. Address, with 6 cent return stamp. M. YOUNG & CO., 173 Greenwich Street, N. Y.

WANTED: An Agent in every city in the Union for the Complete Works and Life of HON. CHARLES SUMNER. Sold only by Subscription; apply to **BUTLER & FLEETWOOD, 47 FRANKLIN ST., BOSTON.**

$600 A MONTH made *honestly* with Stencil and Key-Check outfits. Catalogue and samples free. S. M. SPENCER, 117 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

$10 A DAY. Agents wanted every where. Particulars free. ART AGENCY, 108 S. 4th St., St. Louis.

---

5 **CARD CHROMOS** and Paper FREE for 10c. and address of 15 Boys aged 8 to 15. **"Clipper," Elsie, Mich.**

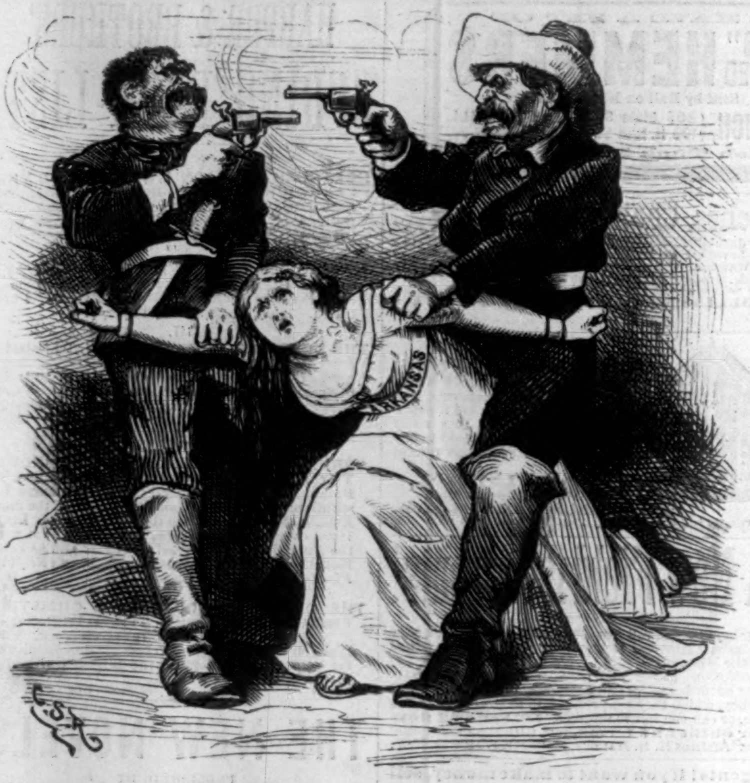
$10 **A DAY.** Employment for all. Patent Novelties. GEO. L. FELTON & Co., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Terms free. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

$20 PER DAY. 1000 Agents wanted. Particulars free. A. H. BLAIR & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

$72 EACH WEEK. Agents wanted. Particulars free. J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED.—THE UNITED STATES LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY is now reorganizing its Agency Department, and is prepared to negotiate with Gentlemen of Business Ability to act as Agents. ☞ Previous connection with the Business is not considered necessary. ☜ Apply at the HOME OFFICE, 261 BROADWAY.
JOHN E. De WITT, President.

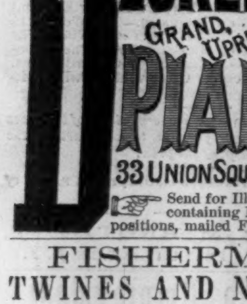


"A PLAGUE O' BOTH YOUR HOUSES!"

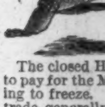
WOOD BROTHERS' CO.
Offer a handsome assortment of Superior
Cabriolets, Victorias, T Carts,
and Pony Phaetons,
OF THEIR OWN UNRIVALED MANUFACTURE,
FROM NEW DESIGNS,
At a LARGE DISCOUNT from former prices.
Warerooms, 740 Broadway, New York.

DECKER BROS
GRAND, UPRIGHT AND SQUARE
PIANOS
33 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK.
☞ Send for Illustrated Catalogue, containing Four Original Compositions, mailed Free on application.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List. Baltimore, Md.


THE BEST IN THE WORLD!
BLATCHLEY'S
Horizontal
ICE-CREAM
FREEZER
(Tingley's Patent)
For Saloons, Hotels, Ice-Cream Manufacturers, or Families.
Stands entirely Unrivaled.
The closed Head will save Ice enough in one season to pay for the Machine. The Tub requires but one filling to freeze. Sizes, 3 to 40 quarts. For sale by the trade generally.
If you want the **BEST**, inquire for **BLATCHLEY'S FREEZER.** If not for sale in your town, send direct to
CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer,
506 Commerce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

R. HOE & Co.
TAPER GROUND
CAST STEEL SAWS
WITH
AN ENTIRELY NEW TOOTH!
Giving a strength and solidity equal to any solid saw.
R. HOE & CO.,
31 Gold St., N. Y.



Printing Presses. The Best Made!
$6 Size for Cards, Labels, Envelopes, &c | $11 Size for Circulars, Etc.
Business Men do their own Printing and Advertising. **Boys** and **Amateurs** have delightful amusement and *money making*. Send stamp for circular, specimens, etc., to the Manufacturers,
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

SILVER
BRIDAL GIFTS
THE GORHAM COMPANY,
the well-known Silversmiths of No. 1 Bond Street, New York, NOW OFFER AT RETAIL the richest and largest collection of pretty Bridal Gifts, both in Antique and Modern Designs, to be found in the city; also, complete services of Family Plate, rich, massive, and elegant.
SALESROOMS OF THE COMPANY:
No. 1 Bond Street, near Broadway,
NEW YORK.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.
Organs & Melodeons.
The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.
53,000
Now in use.
No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same popularity.
☞ Send for Price-Lists.
Address BUFFALO, N. Y.

1874
LIGHT RUNNING "DOMESTIC."
This Sewing-Machine gives the best satisfaction to the user, is paid for most readily, and is the best of all to sell. If there is no "Domestic" agent in your town, apply to DOMESTIC S.-M. CO., New York.

LAWRENCE BROTHERS & CO.,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No. 16 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

No one should buy **Diamonds** until they have examined our large collection of **Solitaires.** *The finest goods at lowest prices.* **Howard & Co.**, Diamond Merchants, No. 222 Fifth Av., New York. *Visitors to New York are specially invited to call. Our store is near all the principal Hotels.* Information and prices sent by mail.

Opera Glasses
ILLUSTRATED PRICED MANUALS
in four parts, viz.: 1st, MATHEMATICAL; 2d, OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS; 3d, MAGIC LANTERN; 4th, PHYSICAL AND SCHOOL APPARATUS. Mailed to any address for 10 cts. each. JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.,
601 Broadway, N. Y.; 924 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Buy SLATED SCHOOL-BOOKS.
Sample Arithmetic, postpaid, 25c.
A. S. BARNES & CO., N. Y.

INVENTORS Who wish to secure PATENTS should write to MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York, for **Advice** and **Pamphlet,** 108 pages, FREE.

HARPER & BROTHERS' Catalogue, with Classified Index of Contents, sent by mail on receipt of Six Cents in postage Stamps, or it may be obtained gratuitously on personal application to the Publishers,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

To the People of the United States:

It is right that the people of the United States should know that the day and year which closed the century of American Independence—July 4, 1876—will be commemorated with ceremonies expressive of the gratitude and pride of a great nation; and, in accordance with the act of Congress of June 1, 1872, which created the Board of Finance, the following report is made over the signature of the President of the board:

The original law of Congress, enacted March 3, 1871, provided for "the celebration of the Centennial of American Independence by an international exhibition of the arts, manufactures, and natural resources of this and other countries, under the auspices of the Government of the United States."

And the act of June 1, 1872, fixed the capital to complete this great commemoration at $10,000,000, which was by the Commissioners apportioned among the several States and Territories on the basis of population.

Of this sum the State of Pennsylvania alone, aided by a subscription of $100,000 from the State of New Jersey, has raised in the form of subscriptions to the stock and by appropriations from its Legislature and the Councils of Philadelphia, about $4,000,000, or nearly one-half the amount necessary to insure success. This provision having been made, designs for suitable buildings were approved, and other preliminary and incidental arrangements have so far advanced as to justify an immediate commencement of the work of construction.

The Commissioners have appealed to the Congress of the United States, on the basis of these subscriptions, appropriations, and preparations, to maintain the spirit of the two laws above referred to, and the correspondence of the State Department with foreign powers has induced the Governments of the Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, Germany, Sweden, Liberia, Equador, the Argentine Confederation, Chili, Mexico, Hayti, and the Sandwich Islands to express their intention to participate, and they have every reason to believe that this appeal to Congress will be generously responded to.

Subscriptions to the stock have also been made by individuals in the States and Territories of Missouri, Illinois, Nebraska, Montana, Indiana, Nevada, Oregon, California, Louisiana, Florida, Maryland, Ohio, Wisconsin, Michigan, Arizona, New Jersey, Delaware, Rhode Island, Arkansas, Alabama, New York, Virginia, Iowa, and Kansas.

Such in brief is the condition of the organization for the international commemoration of the close of the century of American independence.

The City of Philadelphia was selected as the most fitting locality at which to celebrate the birth of American Independence for the reasons:

1. That from Philadelphia the Magna Charta of human liberty, the immortal Declaration, was uttered. The buildings in which the convention sat remained substantially as they were on that historic day; and

2. Of all the points of Revolutionary interest, Philadelphia is the most central and accessible to the whole country. It is the Republic's celebration of its birthday at the very place of its birth.

The Finance Board earnestly urge their fellow-countrymen to keep in mind the great fact that the event to be commemorated is the grandest and most momentous in history, that the commemoration is to take the form of an exhibition of the stupendons progress made by the American people in the first hundred years of their independence, in every thing relating to the natural resources of the country and their development, and especially its progress in those industries, arts, and institutions which benefit mankind.

How diversified are the objects which must enter into that exhibition—how vast the buildings and the space required to present them with full effect, are suggestions that need only to be mentioned to bring home to every American the colossal magnitude of the undertaking.

Consider for a moment the industries, products, and devices necessary to an adeqnate expression of the progress of your own State, and the space that will be essential to their full presentation, and you can hardly fail to perceive that your State alone will require an area in the exhibition buildings and grounds equal to that occupied at Vienna by England or France. This is true of not less than ten of the older States. The other twenty-seven States and ten Territories will each of them require space in proportion.

That the stock of the Centennial Board of Finance might be within the reach of every citizen, the Congress of the United States fixed every share at $10, which will be represented by a handsome steel-engraved certificate, executed by the Treasury Department of the Government, and fittingly designed in commemoration of the event. The board, in soliciting subscriptions to its stock, feel assured that there is a patriotic desire to render the exhibition worthy of the occasion.

Notice is hereby given that checks and drafts can be addressed to the Financial Treasurer, Frederick Fraley, No. 904 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, for any number of shares, at $10 each, and certificates of stock will be promptly returned. The International Exhibition will commence on the 19th of April, 1876, and close on the 19th of October, 1876.

The undersigned, President of the Board of Finance, speaking for his colleagues, and, he believes, for the great body of the American people, does not doubt the answer of that people to this earnest appeal. They are not unmindful of the patriotic interest in the Centennial of their own independence, nor of the high duty of honoring it as it deserves. Philadelphia, the scene of the immortal Declaration, not only in the old hall where it was written, and whence it was proclaimed, but in the extensive Park where the exhibition is to be held, sacred as the resort of Washington and the Revolutionary worthies, has given many times her share to the memorial. It is not her celebration—it is the nation's. History has simply designated that city as the spot where the national sentiment can be historically expressed. Every other City and State is inspired by the same sentiment. Every man and woman, North and South, is stirred by the same impulse. All the peoples of the earth are earnest spectators and students of our progress. The work, therefore, is at once national and international. It reaches every class and every interest. It will be the most remarkable comparison and interchange of ideas and inventions, of art and science, of the products of the earth, the brain, and the hands—the most friendly and complete intercourse between the races of all countries in modern civilization. It is impossible to believe that any portion of the American people will hesitate to unite in what is a sacred memory and a sacred obligation.

JOHN WELSH,
President of the Centennial Board of Finance.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Trade Mark. Patented.
The Human Locomotive should be carefully engineered, otherwise it may run off the track of life at any moment. To keep its delicate internal machinery in perfect trim, or to put it in good working condition when out of order, is the peculiar province of
Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient.
The thoroughness with which it cleanses, without irritating the bowels; the tone and vigor which it imparts to the stomach; its appetizing effects; its cooling, refreshing operation in fever; the relief it affords in headache; its antibilious properties, and its superior merits as a general corrective, justify the assertion that it is, beyond all comparison, the most valuable family medicine of the age. Sold by all Druggists.

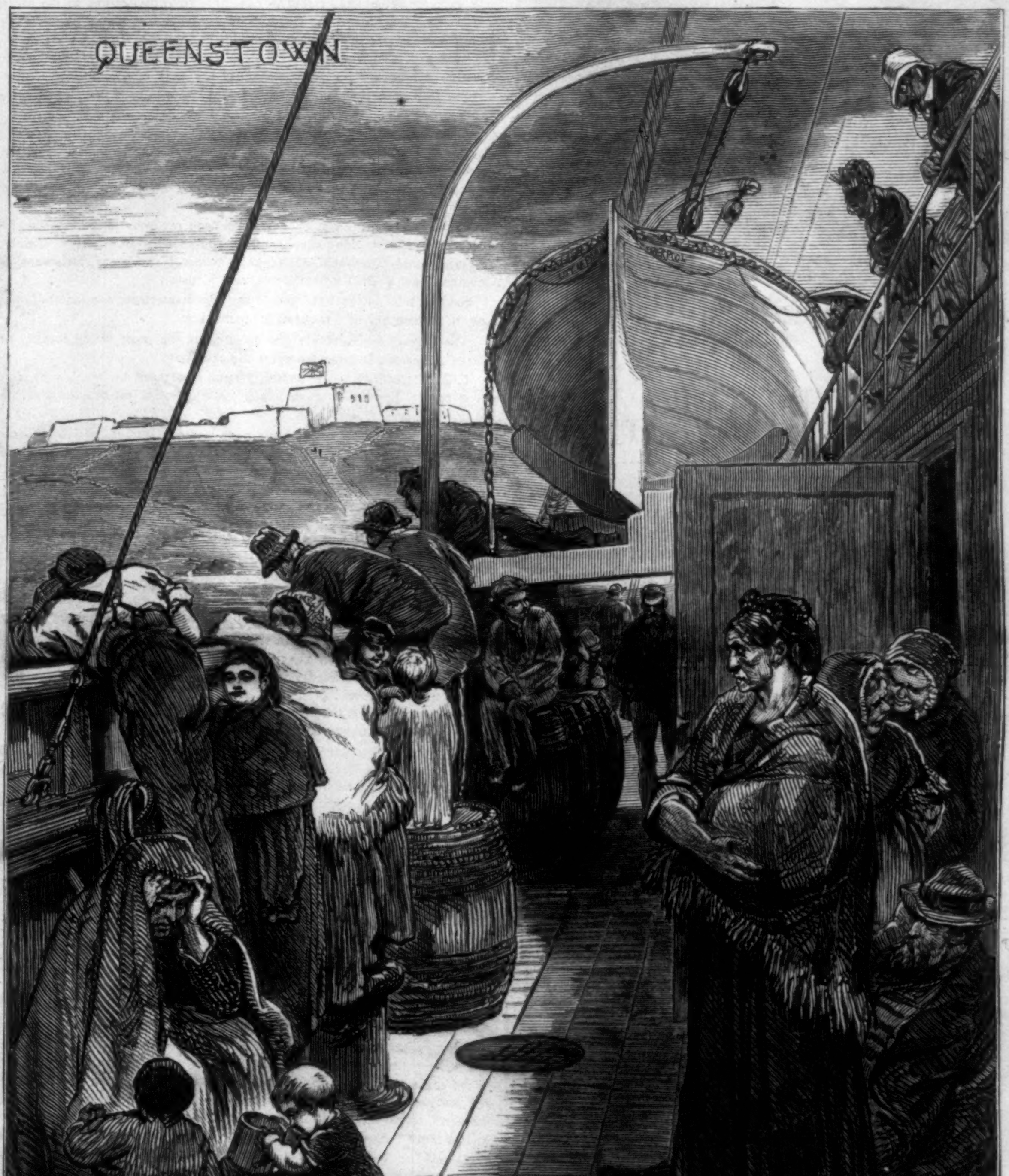
KNABE Grand, Square, & Upright PIANOS,
New York House, No. 112 Fifth Ave.
WM. KNABE & CO., BALTIMORE and NEW YORK.

The only reliable articles for MARKING are PAYSON'S or BRIGGS'S INDELIBLE INK, and BRIGGS'S MARKING PEN.
Sold by all dealers, singly or in
COMBINATION.
Samples free for 75c. ☞ Traveling Canvassers wanted by F. H. STODDARD & CO., Northampton, Mass.

$6 WORTH FOR 50c.
"BLUME'S ALBUM." Each number has 32 large quarto pages first-class Piano Music. Best songs, waltzes, galops, quadrilles, &c., by Abt, Kucken, Mendelssohn, Claribel, Strauss, Faust, Parlow, Hermann, &c., for 50 cents mailed. ☞ Catalogues free.
FRED. BLUME, 27 Union Square, New York.

OUR EMIGRANTS.

FOR a quarter of a century the number of emigrants arriving at the port of New York alone has amounted on an average to 100,000 annually. They come from every part of Europe, flying from hopeless poverty and repression, to seek in the New World the freedom, prosperity, and happiness denied them in the Old. Until within a few years these emigrants were subject to many abuses on the passage across the Atlantic. They were crowded together in close cabins, half starved, neglected in sickness, and robbed and cheated on their arrival here; but the passage of wise regulations on the part of our own government, in conjunction with legislation in England and other European countries, has done much to better the conditions under which the voyage is made. From a report made to the Secretary of the Treasury last year, after a most thorough examination of the several lines of steamers and sailing vessels, we learn that the treatment of steerage passengers on the responsible and respectable English and German lines is generally good, judged by the popular standard of what is due the poor and ignorant classes in return for value given by them; that the food, though of the plainest and most inexpensive kind, is good and wholesome in quality and sufficient in quantity. For breakfast they give fresh bread and butter, hot coffee, and oatmeal porridge; for dinner, nutritious soup, either salt or fresh beef, boiled potatoes, varied on Friday by fish; for supper, bread and butter, with tea and oatmeal porridge. In addition, beef tea is served during the day to the sick.



FAREWELL TO THE OLD WORLD.

It is also stated that the sleeping accommodations are not entirely free from criticism. The companies crowd too many passengers into the cabins. Although the English Passenger Act, which limits the steam-ship companies to carry one passenger for every fifteen superficial feet of clear deck space allotted to their use, is strictly adhered to, they still carry too many, and crowd them too closely together. The English government officials appointed as inspectors to see that the Passenger Act is in all respects carried out are always at their posts, and vigilant in the performance of their duty, and the captain of every steam-ship and sailing vessel is under heavy bonds not to violate any of its provisions. There are compartments and divisions for the separation of the sexes on all the regular lines. On a new German line, the Eagle, the divisions are made complete by closed bulkheads, separating them so that there can be no communication save by going from the deck. On the Inman line the compartments are furnished with sliding doors that can be fastened on the inside, so that the most perfect privacy is secured. On the other lines the young and unmarried men are put in the fore part of the steam-ship, the married people and families in the middle, and single women abaft, and no communication can be had save by going from one to the other. Especial attention of late has been directed to the subject of ventilation, which must at best be bad between-decks of any steamer or sailing vessel; but the agitation upon the subject, through the strictures of the press and the action of the Board of Commissioners of the State of New York in calling attention to the subject, has directed inquiry and provoked criticism to such an extent that great improvements have been made in this direction. Ventilators are now placed in the steerage and cabins, and through them a constant current of air is introduced.

It is true that a great amount of discomfort among the emigrants arises from their own ignorance and life-long habits. Many of these poor people have lived in hovels in comparison with which the steerage cabin of a steam-ship is a palace. The author of the report referred to above, MRS. HELEN M. BARNARD, writes: "I visited some of these homes while in Europe, which seemed to be too comfortless for human beings to occupy. One especially which I examined while in Scotland consisted of one room so dark that at first on entering I could not see across it. The furniture embraced one bedstead, a few old blankets, a broken stool, and one chair, a table with a number of broken dishes, and a clock in one corner of the room. On the hearth a peat fire filled the room with smoke, and blackened the walls with its clouds. There was no place for light or air to penetrate into this abode, save through a small pane of glass which filled an aperture in the wall, but was so begrimed that it had long ceased to serve either purpose. In this room lived a family consisting of three adults and four children. It is from this class that a large portion of our emigrant army is yearly recruited. But there is among them another class of a different order, having lived in comfortable homes, and been accustomed to many of the social amenities of civilization. To these constant contact and association with the first-mentioned class render the passage a horror. This class, fortunately for themselves, is small."

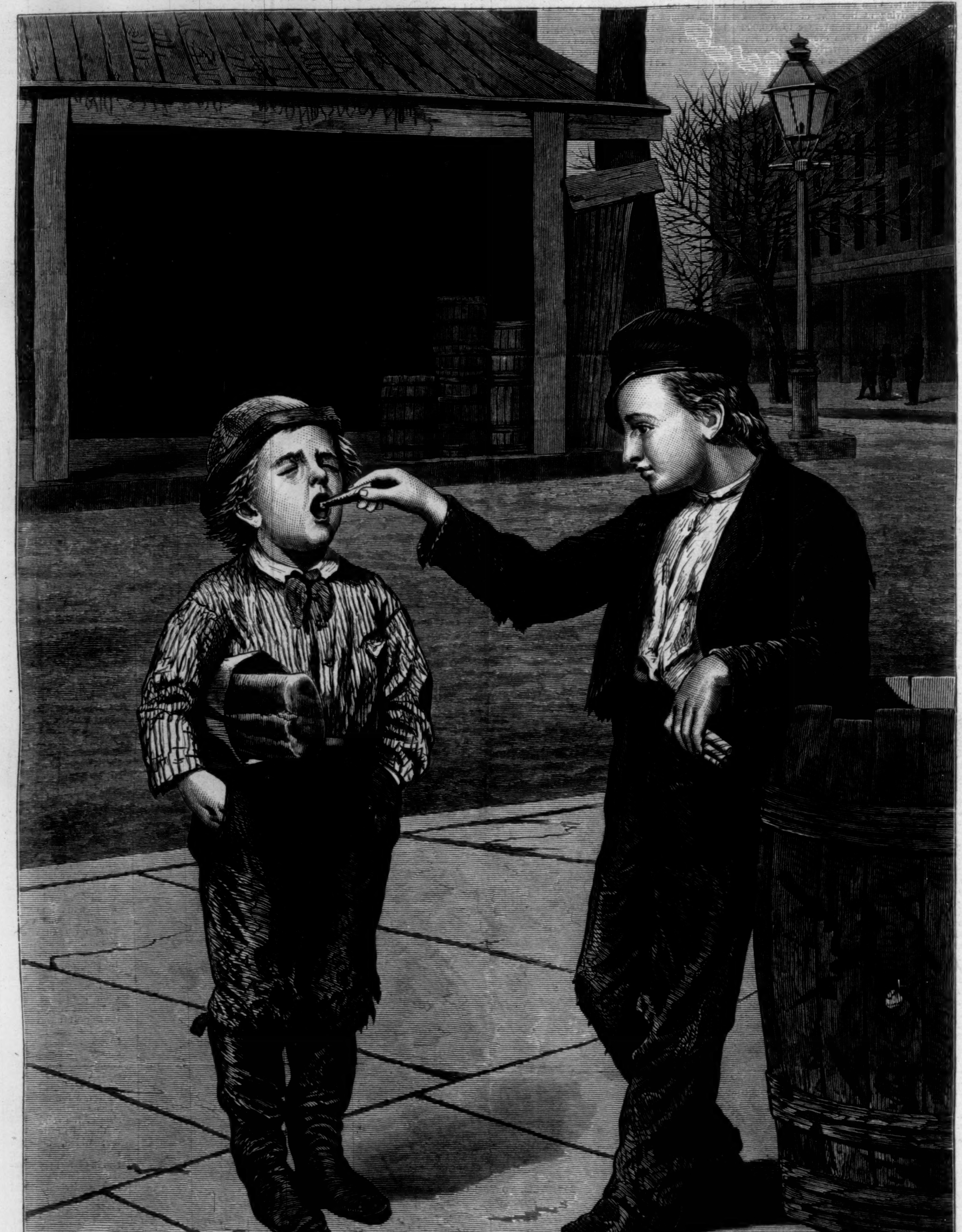
The rapid increase of the emigrant passenger traffic and the great competition between rival companies have secured many improvements in the accommodations for steerage passengers. The profit of this traffic is greater to the companies than that of any other branch of trade, and if the emigrants themselves were sufficiently well informed on the subject, they might secure the correction of all remaining abuses. The price for a steerage passage is disproportionately high, being nearly half the cost of a cabin passage; but in this, as in all wants of the poor and ignorant, they pay much larger prices in proportion to what they get than the rich. For the price paid for a steerage passage not one-twentieth part of the value is given that the cabin passenger receives for his outlay. They are obliged to furnish their own bed to sleep upon, a plate, cup, knife, and fork to eat with, and also to keep clean for use. They are furnished with the plainest and most inexpensive food, and hundreds are crowded into space that twenties occupy in the cabin.

Another of the great evils of this traffic is the fact that the German sailing vessels are not required by law to carry a physician on board. Instead it provides for a regulation medicine chest and a government hand-book of medical practice, and then confides the lives of hundreds of people to the medical skill of a captain who has enough to do in the performance of his legitimate duties, and having no knowledge whatever of the science of medicine.

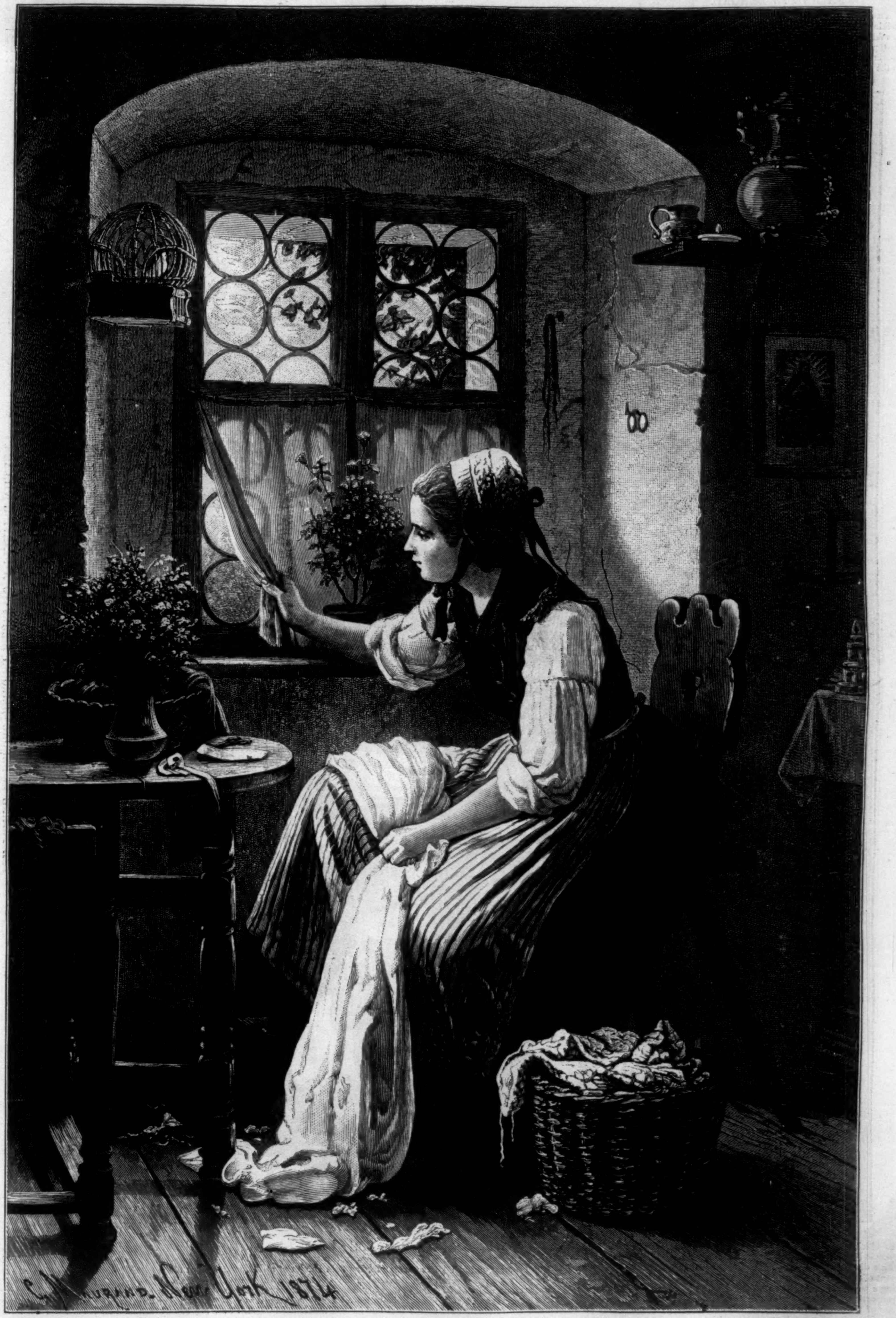
While few of the terrible abuses remain that once disgraced the business of carrying emigrants, there is still great room for improvement. For example, from the price paid for a steerage passage tables should be furnished by all the companies, as is now done by some of them, upon which the meals of steerage passengers should be served, dishes necessary to eat their food should also be furnished and kept for their use, as is done in the cabin. The very limited room allowed each person, and often the scarcity of water to wash them with, render the care of these utensils a great burden, and in cases of sickness almost an impossibility; especially to women who have children clinging to them for care and attention, themselves sick, in a strange place, terrified by the motion of the ship and the state of confusion the first few days of the voyage, it is found to be a great tax. The outlay to the company would be trifling, the comfort to the passenger very great.

The total number of emigrants who landed at the port of New York in 1873 was 266,818. Formerly the emigrants were exposed on landing to the tender mercies of emigrant runners, and suffered many outrages and abuses; but under the regulations of the Board of Emigration these are no longer possible. Officers of the board attend to the transfer of the passengers and their effects to the building known as Castle Garden. On landing they undergo a careful medical examination, to guard against the introduction of any contagious disease, and care is also exercised to detect those who belong to the pauper or criminal classes. All are registered, and then a clerk announces the names of those whose friends are waiting for them in the Information Bureau. Those who wish to communicate with absent friends are referred to clerks who speak and write their language, and their messages are transmitted either by post or telegraph. Such as may wish to proceed inland at once are shown where to procure tickets, their baggage is checked, and they are conveyed to the railway station or steamboat free of charge. Thousands arrive and depart on the same day. Some require rest, and these are permitted to remain in the building free of cost, if they choose to do so, and may purchase plain food at a restaurant in the rotunda at prices approved by the board. Or, if they prefer it, they may go to a boarding-house, a limited number of which, licensed by the Mayor, and satisfactorily recommended, are permitted to send representatives into the building, after the foregoing business has been completed, to solicit guests. Each boarding-house keeper or his representative is compelled to wear a badge on the front of his hat or cap, with the words "Licensed Boarding-house Keeper" conspicuously displayed thereon, and to report daily to the superintendent the names of all persons who have been guests at his house during the preceding day. He must also keep posted in a conspicuous place in the dépôt and in his house, printed in the English, French, German, Italian, and Scandinavian languages, the price for board per meal as well as per day. The situation of Castle Garden, where the emigrants are landed and cared for, is admirably adapted to this purpose. Fronting upon the Battery, an open square containing nearly twenty-two acres handsomely laid out and well shaded with trees, it is as fine a location as could have been chosen for the reception of the ship-worn travelers. The institution itself covers about 125,000 square feet, and is surrounded by a wall except upon the water side, where there is ample space for wharves. The main structure consists of the solid walls of the old Castle Clinton, which, although many years old, are still in perfect preservation. The interior has been entirely changed to adapt it for its present purposes. It contains space ample for the accommodation of 4000 emigrants and their baggage, and for all the offices required for the board and its officers. Situated at the extreme southern point of Manhattan Island, in immediate proximity to all the main lines of transportation, it is yet separated from the city proper by the Battery, which affords a pleasant promenade to which the emigrant can resort as soon as he has been duly registered. His liberty in this respect is entirely unrestricted.

A comparatively small proportion of emigrants remain in New York city. Of those who arrived at this port last year the destination of 95,951 was the State of New York, 43,982 the Middle States, 98,928 the Western and North-western States, 23,468 the Eastern States, 2703 the Southern States, 3201 Canada, and 33 South America.


J. G. Brown
1873.

"OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES."—[DRAWN BY J. G. BROWN.]


C. Maurand. New York 1874

"WAITING."—[ENGRAVED FROM A PAINTING BY MEYER VON BREMEN.]